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[Heywood]

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XJ 93.1 [Fai]



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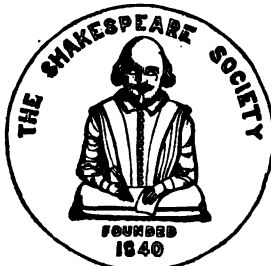
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THE  
FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE;  
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BY  
THOMAS HEYWOOD:  
AND  
FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA;  
A TRAGI-COMEDY,  
BY  
THOMAS HEYWOOD AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.  
EDITED BY  
BARRON FIELD, ESQ.



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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1846.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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The following comedy was first published in the year 1607. The present reprint is from that copy, collated with the edition of 1637, the only date given by Langbaine; who undervalues the piece, and adds: "I question, notwithstanding Mr. Kirkman has ascribed it to our Author, whether it be his, since his name is not prefixed, neither does the style or œconomy resemble the rest of his labours." The writer of an article in the *Retro-spective Review*<sup>1</sup> and the editor of Baldwyn's *Old English Drama*, echo this strain, for it is easier to join in a cry than to read for oneself; but the comedy appears to me and others, who are better judges than I, very entertaining, and very much in Heywood's style. The Cripple, (he has no name) whom Charles Lamb calls the hero of it, is a very original character, not unworthy of Ben Jonson. He is called a "drawer," meaning a pattern-drawer, and keeps a little shop or seat in the Exchange. He appears also to be a scrivener, a writer

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xi., p. 127.

of letters and memorials, such as used to sit at desks in public places in London, and still do on the Continent. It appears from page 48, that such persons used to keep forms of letters ready written, and that they could be sent without signature, in those days when few could write, through messengers, who named their sender. The Exchange, I think, must mean the Royal Exchange, since the New Exchange in the Strand was not built till after the first publication of the play. The Royal Exchange was then full of shops, like a bazaar. The Fair Maid, Phillis Flower, though her parents are wealthy, is an apprentice to a sempstress in this Exchange; and, one night, in company with a female servant, taking home some work to a lady at Mile-End, they are assaulted by Scarlet and Bobbington, two men of broken fortune, from whom they are at first rescued by the Cripple with his crutch; and, the ruffians having returned, secondly by the assistance of Frank Goulding, the lover-hero of the comedy. Grateful for these services, the Fair Maid falls in love, not with Frank, but with the Cripple. Frank is the younger brother of Ferdinand and Anthony Goulding, who afterwards severally confide to him their passion for the same Fair Maid. Frank scoffs at love, but is subsequently himself caught in the very same snare. The two elder brothers, overhearing each other confess their love for the same object, set about mutual circumvention, and entrust their respective stratagems to Frank, who, by the help of his friend the Cripple, cheats them both, and, in the disguise of his "crooked habit," eventually gains the hand of the Fair

Maid. Her father had favoured the suit of Ferdinand, and her mother that of Anthony; but they are all outwitted by Frank, and rejected by Phillis. "The Cripple" (says Mr. Lamb) "is an excellent fellow, and the hero of the comedy. He is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal) with heroic qualities of mind and body; the latter of which he evinces by rescuing the Fair Maid from robbers by the main force of his crutch, and the former by his foregoing the advantage which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and finesse in procuring for her a husband, in the person of his friend, more worthy of her beauty than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require" (he adds) "some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a character, and some luck in finding a sufficient actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues, of the noble Cripple." Mr. Lamb himself, in his admirable "Essay on the tragedies of Shakespeare, considered with reference to their fitness for Stage-representation," has given the sufficing reason why these personal deformities, however consistent with heroism in the reading of works of fiction, cannot be embodied by an actor without ridicule. And he instances Othello. "Nothing" (he says) "can be more soothing, more flattering to the noble parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the

<sup>1</sup> Specimens of Eng. Dram. Poets, vol. ii., p. 188.

force of love and from a sense of merit in him she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred, and country, and colour, and wedding with a *coal-black Moor* (for such he is represented in the imperfect state of knowledge respecting foreign countries in those days, compared with our own, or in compliance with popular notions, though the Moors are now well enough known to be, by many shades, less unworthy of a white woman's fancy): it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the imagination over the senses. She sees Othello's visage in his mind. But, upon the stage, when the imagination is no longer the ruling faculty, but we are left to our poor, unassisted senses, I appeal to every one that has seen Othello played, whether he did not, on the contrary, sink Othello's mind in his colour; whether he did not find something extremely revolting in the courtship and wedded caresses of Othello and Desdemona; and whether the actual sight of the thing did not overweigh all that beautiful compromise which we make in reading: and the reason why it should do is obvious, because there is just so much reality presented to our senses as to give a perception of disagreement, with not enough of belief in the internal motives (all that which is unseen) to overpower and reconcile the first and obvious prejudices. What we see upon a stage is body and bodily action; what we are conscious of, in reading, is almost exclusively the mind and its movements."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Works of Charles Lamb, 1818, vol. ii., p. 27.



In one of "Two Old Men's Tales," 1834, entitled *The Deformed*, there is a story of a Hunchback Lover, who is beloved by a beautiful girl; but the authoress was afraid of the ridicule of carrying the pair to the altar, and has cut the knot by killing everybody. In an anonymous Poem, published by Whittaker in 1836, entitled *The Deformed Artist*, the marriage is effected; but the ceremony is judiciously slurred over, and the beauty of the child, the fruits of the marriage, is dwelt upon with good effect. "In all these cases," (as Sir Joshua Reynolds says) "the poet or historian can expatiate and impress the mind with great veneration for the character of the hero or saint he represents, though he lets us know, at the same time, that the one was deformed, or the other lame. The painter and actor have no other means of giving an idea of the dignity of mind, but by that of external appearance, which grandeur of thought does generally, though not always, impress on the countenance, and by that correspondence of figure to sentiment and situation, which all men wish but cannot command."

Acting upon these principles, my friend Mr. Horace Smith has, in his late novel of "Arthur Arundel," ventured, I think with success, to crook the back of his successful lover-hero; but upon the stage this can never be done. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's "Hunchback" is a father, and not a lover; and even the dramatist before us has not dared to let his deformed Cripple accept the offered love of the heroine; and this at the expense of destroying the interest we take in her, by

making her most unaccountably transfer her affections at last, for the mere purpose of letting the curtain fall upon her marriage with somebody. But this is a comedy of intrigue, though containing one well-drawn character; and in comedies of intrigue the ladies resemble pullets, who transfer their affections to the cunningest conqueror, and are as readily deceived by the disguise of dress as Dame Partlet takes a lump of chalk for an egg.

To conclude the argument of this comedy. There is an underplot, which is not so good. Bowdler and Bernard, two spendthrifts, but friends of the Cripple, make love to Moll Berry, both of whom she treats with witty disdain, but is really in love with Bowdler, and even affiances herself to him. Bernard owes her father a hundred pounds, for which he causes him to be arrested; when the Cripple persuades her, most unaccountably, that she is in love with Bernard, and to marry him: this she does, and then offers herself to her father, as bail for her husband, who, upon the usual promise of reform, is forgiven and released.

There is a still more unnecessary incident of Master Flower's lending Bobbington ten pounds upon a diamond, which afterwards appears to have been stolen; and the comedy concludes with the father of our bride and bridegroom being taken before the judges upon a charge of felony, leaving us in ignorance of the result.

No apology is necessary for putting forth this piece in the name of the Shakespeare Society. Almost all Heywood's dramas deserve to be reprinted. They have

not only great merit in themselves, but they are full of illustrations of our Poet.

There is a ballad by Dekker called *The Cripple of Cheapside*, the story of which is similar to this play. See Collier's "New Particulars regarding Shakespeare's Works," page 46.

With the exception of the title-page, *dramatis personæ*, and *prologus*, I have modernized the orthography of this play; and the originals are not divided into acts or scenes.



THE  
Fayre Mayde of the  
Exchange:

WITH

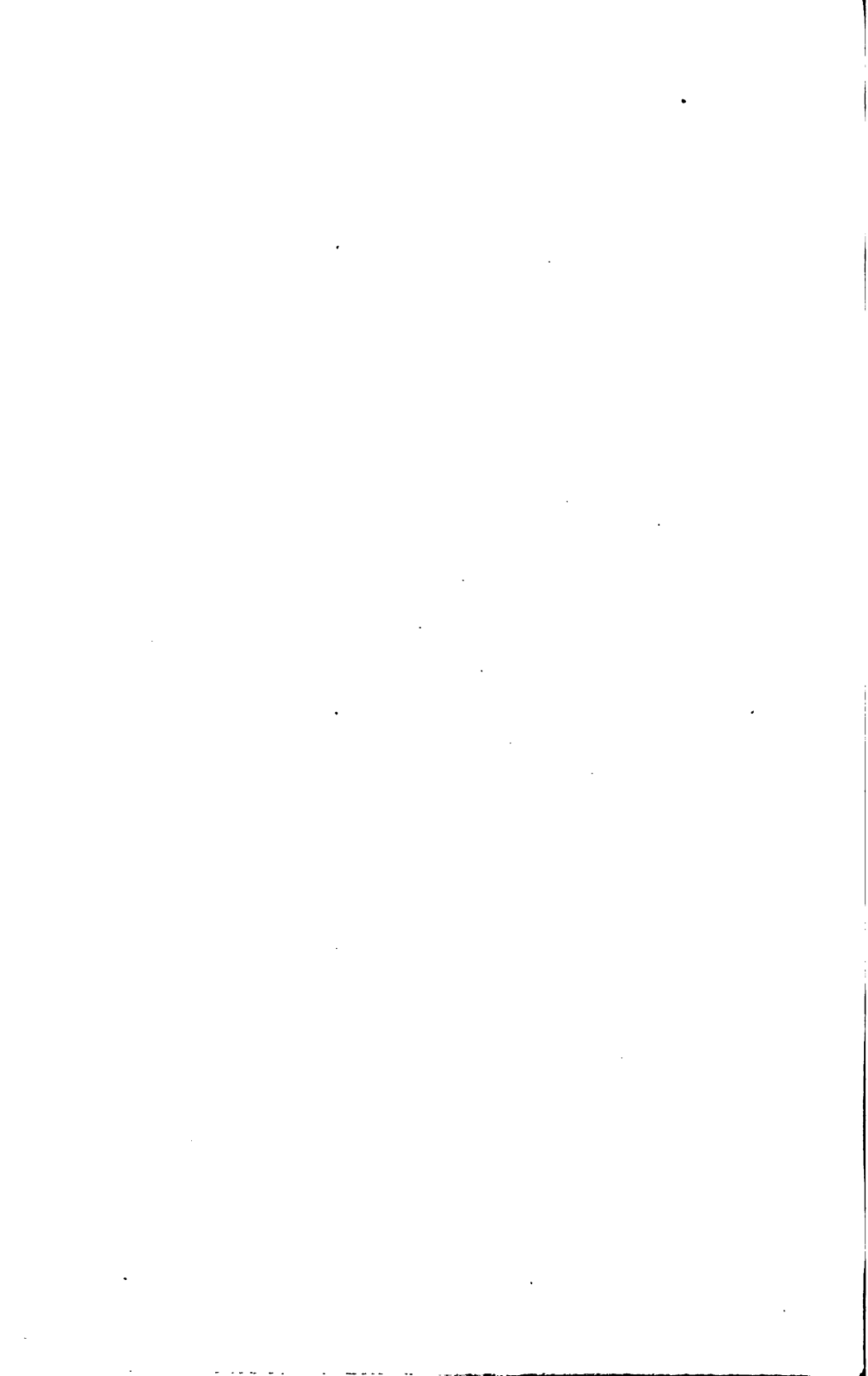
The pleasaunt Humours of the

*Cripple of Fanchurch.*

Very delectable, and full of mirth.

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Rockit*, and are to be solde  
at the shop in the Poultry under the  
Dyall. 1607.



ELEAUEN MAY EASILY ACTE THIS  
COMEDIE.

BERRY, <i>an old man,</i>	}	for one.
BOBBINGTON,		
GARDINER,		
OFFICERS,		
MALL BERRY,		for one.
FLOWER, <i>an humorous old man,</i>	}	for one.
BENNET,		
SCARLET,		
RALPH,		
CRIPPLE,		for one.
BARNARD,	}	for one.
FLOWER'S <i>wife,</i>		
VRSULA,		
BOY,		
ANTHONY GOLDING, <i>gentleman,</i>		for one.
FERDIN. GOLD., <i>gent.,</i>	}	for one.
and WOOD,		
FRANKE GOLDING, <i>gentleman,</i>		for one.
BOWDLER, <i>an humorous gallant,</i>		for one.
PHILLIS, <i>the faire Maide,</i>		for one.
FIDDLE, <i>the Clowne,</i>		for one.





## PROLOGUS.

The humble Socke that true Comedians weare,  
Our Muse hath don'd, and, to your fav'ring eyes,  
In lowest Plaine-song, doth herselfe appeare,  
Borrowing no colours from a quaint disguise :  
If your faire fauours cause her spirite to rise,  
Shee to the highest pitch her wings shall reare,  
And prowde quothernicke action shall deuise,  
To winne your sweet applause she deemes so deare.

Meane while, shore up our tender pamping twig,  
That yet on humble ground doth lowely lie—  
Your fauour's sunneshine gilding once this sprig,  
It may yeeld *Nectar* for the gods on hie ;  
Though an Inuention lame, imperfect be,  
Yet giue the Cripple almes for charitie.

[*Exit.*



THE  
FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE.

---

ACT I., SCENE I.

*The Suburbs of London. Enter SCARLET and BOBBINGTON.*

*Scar.* Even now the welcome twilight doth salute  
Th' approaching night, clad in black sable weeds,  
Black as my thoughts, that harbour nought but death,  
Thefts, murders, rapes, and such like damnéd acts,  
The infant babes to whom my soul is nurse.  
Come, Bobbington, this star-bespangled sky  
Bodeth some good : the weather's fair and dry.

*Bob.* My scarlet-hearted Scarlet, gallant blood,  
Whose bloody deeds are worthy memory  
Of after-ages, let me embrace thee : so,  
So, now methinks I fold a richer gem  
Than wealthy India can afford to Spain.  
There lies my treasure, and, within thy arms,  
Security that never breedeth harms.

*Scar.* Brave resolution ! I am proud to see  
So sweet a graft upon a wormwood tree,  
Whose juice is gall, but yet the fruit most rare.  
Who recks the tree, if that the fruit be fair ?  
Therefore, resolve, if we a booty get,  
It boots not whence, from whom, when, where, or what.

*Bob.* Well, God forgive us ! here let's take our stands ;  
We must have gold, although we have no lands.

*Enter PHILLIS and URSULA.*

*Phil.* Stay, Ursula ; have you those suits of ruffs,  
Those stomachers, and that fine piece of lawn,  
Mark'd with the letters double C and S ?

*Urs.* I have.

*Phil.* If your forgetfulness cause any defect,  
You're like to pay for't ; therefore look unto it.

*Urs.* I would our journey had as safe an end,  
As I am sure my lady's ruffs are here,  
And other wares, which she bespoke of you.

*Phil.* 'Tis good ; but stay, give me thy hand, my girl ;  
'Tis somewhat dark ; come, let us help each other.  
She passed her word, one of her gentlemen  
Should meet us at the bridge, and that's not far :  
I muse they are not come ; I do assure thee,  
Were I not much beholding to her ladyship  
For many kindnesses, Mile End should stand,  
This gloomy night, unvisited for us.  
But, come, methinks I may discern the bridge,  
And see a man or two : in very deed,  
Her word, her love, and all is honorable.

*Bob.* A prize, young Scarlet ! oh, a gallant prize,  
And we the pirates that will seize the same  
To our own uses.

*Scar.* But hold, man, not too fast :  
As far as I can gather by their words,  
They take us for my lady's gentlemen,  
Who, as it seems, should meet them on their way.  
Then, if thou say'st the word, we'll seem those men,  
And, by those means, withdraw them from their way,  
Where we may rifle them of what they carry,  
I mean both goods and their virginity.

*Bob.* 'Tis well advis'd. But, Scarlet, give me leave  
To play the gentleman and welcome them.

*Scar.* Enjoy thy wish.

*Bob.* Welcome! you sacred stars,  
That add bright glory to the sable night.

*Scar.* Excellent, by heaven!

*Bob.* I am sorry your beauty's so discomfited,  
Treading so many tedious, weary steps,  
And we not present to associate you.

*Scar.* Oh, blessed Bobbington!

*Phil.* Sir, I do thank you for this taken pains,  
That, as your worthy lady promis'd me,  
We now enjoy your wish'd company.

*Scar.* She's thine own, boy, I warrant thee.

*Bob.* And I am proud, too proud of this employment.  
Come, Master Scarlet, take you that pretty sweet.  
You see my lady's care—she promis'd one,  
But hath sent two.

*Phil.* 'Tis honorably done.

*Bob.* This is your way.

*Phil.* That way? alas, sir, no!

*Bob.* Come, it is: nay, then, it shall be so.

*Phil.* What mean you, gentlemen?

*Urs.* Oh, he will rob me!

*Phil.* Look to the box, Ursula.

*Phil. and Urs.* Help! help! murder! murder!

*Enter the CRIPPLE.*

*Crip.* Now, you supporters of decrepit youth,  
That mount this substance 'twixt fair heav'n and earth,  
Be strong to bear that huge deformity,  
And be my hands as nimble to direct them,  
As your desires to waft me hence to London.

*Phil. and Urs.* Help! help! he'll ravish me!

*Crip.* Methinks I hear the sound of ravishment.

*Phil. and Urs.* Help ! help !

*Crip.* Marry and will, knew I but where and how.

What do I see ?

Thieves full of lust beset virginity.

Now stir thee, Cripple ; and of thy four legs

Make use of one to do a virgin good.

Hence, rav'ning curs ! what, are you at a prey ?

Will nothing satisfy your greedy chaps

But virgin's flesh ? I'll teach you prey on carrion.

*[Fights, and beats them away.]*

Pack, damnéd ravishers ! hence, villains !

*Phil.* Thanks, honest friend, who from the gates of death

Hath set our virgin souls at liberty.

*Crip.* Give God the glory, that gave me the power.

*Phil.* I do, kind sir ; and think myself much bound

To him above, to thee that treads this ground.

And for this aid, Ill ever honour thee.

My honour you have sav'd—redeem'd it home—

Which were't not done, by this time had been gone.

*Crip.* Hereafter more of this ; but tell me now

The cause of these events, th' effect, and how.

*Phil.* I'll tell you, sir—but let us leave this place,

And onward on our way.

*[Re-enter SCARLET and BOBBINGTON.]*

*Bob.* It shall be so. See where they walk along ;

I'll cross the other way, and meet them full.

Keep thou this way, and when thou hear'st us chat,

Come thou behind him, snatch away his crutches,

And then thou know'st he needs must fall to ground.

And what shall follow, leave the rest to me.

*[Exit BOB.]*

*Scar.* About it then.

*Crip.* I'faith, she is an honorable lady,

And I much wonder that her ladyship

Gives entertain to such bad men as these.

*Re-enter BOBBINGTON.*

*Bob.* Stand, thou that hast more legs than Nature gave thee !

*Crip.* Mongrel ! I'll choose.

*Scar.* Then go to, sir, you shall.

*All.* Murder ! murder !

*Enter FRANK GOULDING.*

*Frank.* Stay there, my horse !

Whence comes this echo of extremity ?

*All.* Help ! help !

*Frank.* What do I hear ! a virgin call for help ?

Hands off, damn'd villains, or, by heav'n I swear,

I'll send you all to hell ! *[Fights, and drives them away.]*

*Crip.* Hold ! forbear !

I came in rescue of virginity.

*Phil.* He did, he did, and freed us once from thrall.

But now, the second time, they wrought his fall.

*Frank.* Now, you distressed objects, do you tell  
Upon what mount of woe your sorrows dwell.

*Phil.* First, get we hence away, and as we go,  
Kind gentleman, our fortunes you shall know.

*Crip.* Thanks, worthy sir. May but the Cripple be  
Of power to gratify this courtesy ;  
I then shall think the heavens favour me.

*Phil.* No more now ; for God's sake, let us hence !

*Crip.* If I do live, your love I'll recompence.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*The Exchange. Before the CRIPPLE'S Shop. Enter  
MOLL BERRY.*

*Moll.* Now for my true-love's handkercher ! these flowers  
Are pretty toys, are very pretty toys :

Oh, but methinks the peascod would do better,  
The peascod and the blossom, wonderful !  
Now, as I live, I'll surely have it so.  
Some maids will choose the gilliflower, some the rose,  
Because their sweet scents do delight the nose ;  
But very fools they are, in my opinion.  
The very worst being drawn by cunning art,  
Seems in the eye as pleasant to the heart.  
But here's the question—whether my love, or no,  
Will seem content ? Ay, there the game doth go ;  
And yet I'll pawn my head he will applaud  
The peascod and the flow'r, my pretty choice.  
For what is he, loving a thing in heart,  
Loves not the counterfeit, tho' made by art ?  
I cannot tell how others' fancies stand,  
But I rejoice sometime to take in hand  
The simile of that I love ; and I protest  
That pretty peascod likes my humour best.  
But I'll unto the Drawer's ; he'll counsel me :  
Here is his shop : alas ! what shall I do ?  
He's not within : now all my labour's lost.  
See, see how forward love is ever crost !  
But stay, what gallant's this ?

*Enter BOWDLER.*

*Bow.* A plague on this Drawer ! he's never at home.  
Good morrow, sweetheart ! tell me how thou dost ?

*Moll.* Upon what acquaintance ?

*Bow.* That's all one. Once, I love thee. Give me thy  
hand, and say Amen !

*Moll.* Hands off, sir knave ; and wear it for a favour.

*Bow.* What ? dost thou mean thy love, pretty fool ?

*Moll.* No fool, the knave, O, gross !

A gentleman, and of so shallow wit !

*Bow.* I know thou camest to the Drawer.



*Moll.* How then ?

*Bow.* Am not I the properer man ?

*Moll.* Yes, to make an ass on.

*Bow.* Will you get up and ride ?

*Moll.* No, I'll lackey by his side, and whip the ass.

*Bow.* Come, come, leave your jesting : I shall put you down.

*Moll.* With that face ? away, you want wit.

*Bow.* By this hand, I shall.

*Moll.* By the ass-head, you shall not.

*Bow.* Go to, you are a woman.

*Moll.* Come, come, you are a man.

*Bow.* I have seen as fair.

*Moll.* I have heard as wise.

*Bow.* As fair as Moll Berry.

*Moll.* As wise as young Bowdler.

*Bow.* As Master Bowdler.

*Moll.* Heyday, come up !

*Bow.* Go thou down then !

*Moll.* No, good ass ; bate an ace of that.

*Enter* BERNARD.

*Ber.* What, Master Bowdler, will it ne'er be otherwise ?  
Still, still a hunting, every day wenching ?

*Bow.* Faith, sir, the modest behaviour of this gentlewoman  
hath insinuated my company.

*Moll.* Lord ! how eloquence flows in this gentleman !

*Bow.* Faith, I shall put you down in talk ; you were best to  
yield.

*Moll.* No, sir ; I will hold out as long as I may,  
Tho' in the end you bear the fool away.

*Bow.* Mean you by me ? you gull me not ?

*Moll.* No, by this night, not I.

*Bow.* For if you did, I would intoxicate my head.

*Moll.* Yea, I dare swear, you'll go a fool to bed.

*Bow.* Mean you by me ? you gull me not ?

*Ber.* No, I dare swear the gentlewoman means well.

*Moll.* And so I do, indeed ; himself can tell.

But this it is : speak maidens what they will,

Men are so captious, they'll e'er conster ill.

*Ber.* To her, sir, to her ; I dare swear she loves you.

*Bow.* Well then, fair Moll, you love me as you say.

*Moll.* I never made you promise ; did I, pray ?

*Bow.* All in good time ; you will do ; else you lie ;

Will you not ?

*Moll.* No, forsooth, not I.

*Bow.* Bernard, she gulls me still.

*Ber.* 'Tis but your mis-conceit. Try her again.

You know, by course, all women must be coy.

To her again, then she may haply yield.

*Bow.* Not I, in faith.

*Moll.* Then mine shall be the field.

Wisdom, adieu ! once more, faint heart, farewell !

Yet, if thou seest the Drawer, I prithee tell him

Moll Berry hath more work for him to do ;

And, for yourself, learn this when you do woo :

Arm you with courage, and with good take-heed—

For he that spares to speak must spare to speed.

And so farewell !

[*Exit.*

*Bow.* Call her again, Bernard.

*Ber.* She's too swift for me :

Why, this is the right course of gullery.

What did you mean, having so fair an aim,

So fondly to let slip so fair a game ?

Bowdler, become a man, for maids will stand ;

And then strike home. Art thou not young and lusty,

The minion of delight, fair from thy birth,

Adonis' play-pheer, and the pride of earth ?

*Bow.* I know it ; but a kind of honest blood

Tilts in my loins, with wanton appetites.

She bad me do a message to the Drawer,

And I will do it. There will come a day,  
 When Humphrey Bowdler will keep holiday.  
 Then, Moll, look to yourself; see you be sped;  
 Or, by this light, I'll have your maidenhead.

*Ber.* Spoke like a gallant, spoke like a gentleman, spoke  
 like yourself!

Now do I see some sparks of manhood in you.  
 Keep in that key, keep in the self-same song,  
 I'll gage my head, you'll have her love ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. Enter FERDINAND and FRANK.*

*Frank.* Wilt thou not tell me, brother Ferdinand?  
 Now, by this light, I'll haunt thee like a sprite,  
 Until I know whence springs this melancholy.

*Ferd.* O, Brother!  
 Thou art too young to reach the depth of grief,  
 That is immur'd within my heart's deep closet.  
 A thousand sighs keep daily sentinel,  
 That beat like whirl-winds all my comfort back.  
 As many sobs guard my distressed heart,  
 That no relief comes near to aid my soul.  
 Millions of woes, like bands of arméd men,  
 Stop up the passage of my sweet relief.  
 And art thou then persuaded that thy words  
 Can any comfort to my soul afford?  
 No, no, good Frank: dear brother, then forbear,  
 Unless with grief in me you'll take a share.

*Frank.* Grief me no griefs, but tell me what it is  
 Makes my sweet Ferdinand thus passionate:  
 I'll conjure grief, if grief be such an evil,  
 In spite of Fortune, Fates, or any Devil.

*Ferd.* Wilt thou not leave me to myself alone?

*Frank.* Brother, you know my mind.

If you will leave your dumpish melancholy,  
 And, like myself, banish that puling humour,  
 Or satisfy my expectation,  
 By telling whence your sorrow doth proceed,  
 I will not only cease to trouble you,  
 But, like a true skilful physician,  
 Seek all good means for your recovery.

*Ferd.* Well, brother, you have much importun'd me,  
 And for the confidence I have in you,  
 That you'll prove secret, I will now unfold  
 The load of care that presseth down my soul.  
 Know, then, good Frank, love is the cause thereof.

*Frank.* How, love ! why, what's that love ?

*Ferd.* A child—a little, little boy that's blind.

*Frank.* And be o'ercome by him ? plaguéd by him ?  
 Driv'n into dumps by him ? put down by a boy ?  
 Master'd by Love ? Oh, I am mad for anger !  
 By a boy ?

Is there no rosemary and bays in England,  
 To whip the ape ?—by a boy !

*Ferd.* Ay, such a boy as thou canst never see,  
 And yet ere long mayst feel his tyranny.  
 He is not visible, yet aims at the heart.  
 Wo be to those that feel his wounding dart !  
 And one of them I am ; wounded so deep,  
 That in my passions I no mean can keep.  
 Unhappy time ! wo to that dismal hour,  
 When Love did wound me with fair Phillis Flower.  
 O, Phillis, Phillis ! of Flowers the sweetest flower  
 That ever garnish'd any princely bower !  
 Farewell, farewell, my woes will ne'er remove,  
 Till I enjoy fair Phillis for my love !

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* What's here ? Phillis and love, and love and Phillis !  
 I have seen Phillis, and have heard of love :  
 I will see Phillis, and will hear of love ;

But neither Phillis nor the power of love  
Shall make me bond-slave to a woman's beck.

*Enter ANTHONY.*

Who's here ? my second brother mal-content ?  
I'll stand aside and note his passions.

*Anth.* O, Love ! that I had never known thy power !

*Frank.* More lovers yet ! what the devil is this love ?

*Anth.* That these my wandering eyes had kept their stay !  
That I myself had still been like myself !  
That my poor heart had never felt the wound,  
Whose anguish keeps me in a deadly swoond !  
Oh, how deluding dreams, this night o'erpast,  
Drench'd my sad soul in pleasure's floating sea !  
Methought I clasp'd my love within my arms,  
And, circling her, sav'd her from threat'ning harms :  
Methought there came an hundred in an hour,  
That sought to rob me of my sweetest flower ;  
But, like a champion, I did keep her still  
Within this circle, free from ev'ry ill :  
But, when I wak'd, and miss'd my Phillis there,  
All my sweet joys converted into fear.

*Frank.* What, brother Anthony ! at prayers so hard ?  
Tell me what saint it is thou invocat'st ?  
Is it a male, or female ? howsoever,  
God bless thee, brother, thou'rt in a good mind.  
But now I remember me, thy saint is blind.

*Anth.* How, blind ?

*Frank.* Ay, brother, blind : I heard thee talk of Love,  
And Love is blind, they say.

*Anth.* I would it were as blind as ebon night,  
That Love had never hit my heart so right !  
But what is love in your opinion ?

*Frank.* A voluntary motion of delight,  
Touching the superficies of the soul ;

A substance less divine than is the soul,  
Yet, more than any other power in man,  
Is that which loves ; yet neither is enforc'd,  
Nor doth enforce the heart of man to love ;  
Which motion, as it unbeseems a man,  
So, by the soul and reason which adorn  
The life of man, it is extinguished  
Even at his pleasure that it doth possess.

*Anth.* Thus may the free man jest at manacles ;  
The fur-clad citizen laugh at a storm ;  
The swarthy Moor, diving to gather pearl,  
Challenge the scalding ardour of the Sun ;  
And aged Nestor, sitting in his tent,  
May term wounds sport, and war but merriment.

*Frank.* 'Tis true, 'fore God it is : and now methinks  
My heart begins to pity hearts in love.  
Say once more, Anthony ; tell me thy griefs ;  
Let me have feeling of thy passion ;  
Possess me deeply of thy melting state,  
And thou shalt see.

*Anth.* That thou wilt pity me.

*Frank.* No, by my troth ! if ev'ry tale of love,  
Or love itself, or fool-bewitching beauty,  
Make me cross-arm myself, study *ah-mes*,  
Defy my hat-band, tread beneath my feet  
Shoe-strings and garters, practise in my glass  
Distressèd looks, and dry my liver up,  
With sighs enough to wind an argosy,  
If ever I turn thus fantastical,  
Love plague me ; never pity me at all.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

*Anth.* Yonder she comes that holds me prisoner.

*Frank.* What, Phillis, the fair maid of the Exchange ?  
Is she god Cupid's judge over men's hearts ?

Brother, I'll have one venny with her tongue,  
To breathe my wit, and jest at passion :  
By your leave, mistress Flower.

*Phil.* Your rude behaviour scarce offers you welcome.

*Frank.* I prithee tell me, Phillis, I hear say  
Thou keep'st Love captive in thy maiden thoughts.

*Phil.* That is a thought beyond your reach to know.

*Frank.* But shall I know it ?

*Phil.* On what acquaintance ? then might you deem me  
fond,

If, (as you say,) Love be at my command.

*Frank.* May not your friend command as great a  
matter ?

*Phil.* I'll know him well, first, for that friend may  
flatter.

*Frank.* Why, I hope you know me.

*Phil.* That's a question.

*Frank.* Well, if you do not, you shall before I stir.  
Know you yonder lump of melancholy,  
Yonder bundle of sighs, yonder wad of groans ?  
The same and I were chickens of one brood,  
And if you know him, as I am sure you do,  
Being his brother, you needs must know me too.

*Phil.* I partly have a guess of yonder gentleman.  
His name is master Goulding, as I take it.

*Anth.* Goulding I am ; and thine, sweet fair, I am ;  
And yet, not thine, but a most wretched man.  
Thou know'st my cause of grief, my wound of wo ;  
And, knowing it, why wilt thou see it so ?  
Put salves of comfort to my grief's unrest,  
So may'st thou heal my sore of heaviness.

*Frank.* Hark you, fair maid, are you a surgeon ?  
I prithee give my brother Anthony  
Somewhat to heal the love-sore of his mind ;  
And yet 'tis pity that he should have help :

A man as free as air or the sun's rays,  
As boundless in his function as the heavens,  
The male and better part of flesh and blood,  
In whom was poured the quintessence of reason,  
To wrong the adoration of his Maker  
By worshipping a wanton female skirt,  
And making Love his idol ! fie, dotard, fie !  
I am ashamed of this apostacy !  
I'll talk with her to hinder his complaints.  
Phillis, a word in private ere you go ;  
I love you, sweet !

*Phil.* Sour, it may be so.

*Frank.* Sour and sweet ! faith that doth scarce agree.

*Phil.* Two contraries, and so be we.

*Frank.* A plague on this courting ! Come, we'll make an  
end.

*Phil.* I am sorry for it, since you seem my friend.

*Frank.* Ay, but thou canst not weep.

*Phil.* Then had I a hard heart.

*Frank.* How say you ? Come, brother, now to your  
part.

*Anth.* At your direction ? no, this merry glee,  
Good brother, sorts not with my melancholy.  
Love covets private conference ; so my sorrow  
Craveth your absence, which I fain would borrow.

*Frank.* No marvel then we say that Love is blind,  
If it still revel in obscurity.

I will depart ; I will not hinder love ;

I'll wash my hands. Farewell, sweet turtle-dove. [*Going.*]

*Phil. (to Anthony).* I'faith your brother is a proper  
man.

*Frank.* What's your will with me ?

*Phil.* Ev'n what you please.

*Frank.* Did you not call me back ?

*Phil.* Not to my knowlege.



*Frank.* No? 'Sblood, somewhat did. Farewell, farewell?

*Phil.* He is a very, very proper man.

*Frank.* I am in haste. Pray, urge me not to stay.

*Phil.* The man doth doat. Pray God he hits his way.

*Frank.* 'Fore God! there's not a maid in all this town  
Should sooner win me, but my bus'ness calls me.  
Give me thy hand; next time I meet with thee,  
Lesser entreaty shall woo my company.

*Phil.* I'faith! i'faith!

*Frank.* I'faith, this was the hand, what means my blood?  
Do I not blush, nor look extremely pale?  
Is not my head a-fire, my eyes, nor heart?  
Ha! art thou there? I feel thee, Love, i'faith,  
By this light. Well, *via!* farewell, farewell! [Exit.

*Anth.* Now he is gone, and we in private talk,  
Say, wilt thou grant me love, wilt thou be mine?  
For all the interest in my love is thine.

*Phil.* Your brother Ferdinand hath vow'd as much,  
Nay, more: he swears, what man soe'er he be  
Presumes to be corrival in his love,  
He will revenge it as an injury,  
And clothe the thief in basest obloquy.

*Anth.* Ay, is my brother my competitor?  
I'll court my love, and will solicit thee,  
Were Ferdinand himself in company.  
What say'st thou to my suit?

*Phil.* Time may do much. What I intend to do,  
I mean to pause upon.

*Anth.* Let it be so.  
If that my brother's hinderance be all,  
I'll have thy love, tho' by my brother's fall. [Exit.

*Phil.* Two brothers drown'd in love! Ay, and the third,  
For all his outward habit of neglect,  
If I judge rightly, if I did not dream,  
Hath dipt his foot, too, in Love's scalding stream.

Well, let them plead and perish, if they will,  
Cripple, my heart is thine, and shall be still.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter FRANK.*

*Frank.* I am not well, and yet, I am not ill.  
I am—what am I! not in love, I hope?  
In love? let me examine myself. Who should I love? who did I last converse with? with Phillis. Why should I love Phillis? Is she fair? faith, so so. Her forehead is pretty, somewhat resembling the forehead of the sign of the Maiden-head Inn. What's her hair? 'faith, to Bandora-wires there's not the like simile. Is it likely yet that I am in love? What's next? her cheeks, they have a reasonable scarlet, never a dyer's daughter in the town goes beyond her. Well, yet I'm not in love. Nay, she hath a mole in her cheek, too: Venus's mole was not more natural; but what of that? I am Adonis, and will not love. Good Venus, pardon me. Let us descend. Her chin! O, Helen, Helen! where's your dimple, Helen! it was your dimple that bewitched Paris, and without your dimple, I will not love you, Helen. No: yet I am safe. Her hand; let's handle that. I saw her hand, and it was lily-white. I touched her palm, and it was soft and smooth: and then what then?—her hand did then bewitch me. I shall be in love now out of hand. In love! shall I, that ever yet have profaned Love, now fall to worship him? Shall I, that have jested at lovers' sighs, now raise whirlwinds? shall I, that have flouted *ah! mes* once a quarter, now practise *ah! mes* every minute? Shall I defy hatbands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? shall I fall to falling-bands, and be a ruff-an no longer? I must; I am now liege-man to Cupid, and have read all these informations in his book of Statutes, the first chapter, page *millesimo-nono*: Therefore, hat-band, avaunt! ruff, regard yourself! garters, adieu! shoe-strings—so and so! I am a poor enamorate, and enforced, with the poet, to say,  
*Love o'ercomes all, and I that love obey.*

[*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

FLOWER'S House. Enter FLOWER.

*Flow.* Now, afore God ! a very good conceit !  
But too much sleep hath overtaken me,  
The night hath play'd the swift-foot runaway :  
A good conceit, a very good conceit.  
What, Fiddle ! arise, Fiddle ! Fiddle, I say !

Enter FIDDLE.

*Fid.* Here's a fiddling, indeed ! I think your tongue be made of nothing but fiddle-strings. I hope the fiddle must have some rest, as well as the fiddle-stick. Well, Crowd, what say you to Fiddle now ?

*Flow.* Fiddle, it is a very good conceit.

*Fid.* It is, indeed, master.

*Flow.* What dost thou mean !

*Fid.* To go to bed again, sir.

*Flow.* No, Fiddle, that were no good conceit, Fiddle.

*Fid.* What a fiddling do you keep ? are you not ashamed to make such music ? I hope, sir, you will christen me anew shortly ; for you have so worn this name, that ne'er a wench in all the town but will scorn to dance after my fiddle.

*Flow.* Well, Fiddle, thou art an honest fellow.

*Fid.* That's more than you know, master.

*Flow.* I'll swear for thee, Fiddle.

*Fid.* You'll be damned then, master.

*Flow.* I love thee, Fiddle.

*Fid.* I had rather your daughter lov'd me.

*Flow.* 'Tis a rare conceit, i'faith.

*Fid.* I hold with you, master, if my young mistress would like so well of my music, that she would dance after nobody's instrument but mine.

*Flow.* No, Fiddle, that were no good conceit.

*Fid.* A shame on you ! I thought you would not hear on that side.

*Flow.* Fiddle, thou told'st me Master Goulding was in love with my daughter.

*Fid.* True, master ; therein you say well.

*Flow.* And he entreats me to meet him at the Star, in Cheap, to talk concerning the match.

*Fid.* True, still, master.

*Flow.* And I have sent for my neighbour, Master Berry, to bear me company.

*Fid.* True, all this is most natural truth.

*Flow.* And now, Fiddle, I am going on my way.

*Fid.* Nay, that's a lie that hath marred all. Was your conceit so tired you could tell truth no longer ?

*Flow.* Why, Fiddle, are we not going ?

*Fid.* No, indeed, sir, we are not ; we stand still : your conceit failed in that.

*Flow.* 'Fore God, 'tis true ; I am not ready yet. What's he ?

*Enter BOBBINGTON.*

*Bob.* By your leave, sir : I would crave a word in secret, sir.

*Flow.* At your pleasure. Here's none but my man, Fiddle.

*Fid.* Ay, sir, master Fiddle is my name. Sir Lawrence Lyre was my father.

*Bob.* Sir, this is my business. My name is Racket ; I have a ship of my own upon the River.

*Flow.* By your leave, sir ; Captain Racket is your name.

*Bob.* Some call me so, indeed, sir.

*Flow.* It is a good conceit ; I pray proceed.

*Bob.* Sir, I am now bound to sea, and wanting some money for the better furnishing of my wants.

*Flow.* Oh, you would borrow money of me.

*Bob.* That's my suit, indeed.

*Flow.* That's no good conceit.

*Bob.* Nay, hear me, sir. If you will supply me with ten

pound till my return from Barbary, I will leave in your hands a diamond of greater value than the money.

*Flow.* A diamond ! is it a diamond, or but a counterfeit ? Fiddle, my spectacles.

*Bob.* 'Tis night, I assure you, sir.

*Flow.* Then 'tis a good conceit : my spectacles.

*Fid.* Here, sir.

*Flow.* Where, sir ?

*Fid.* You cannot see, master, but I can.

*Flow.* Oh, 'tis good, it is a good conceit. Well, sir, ten pound.

You are content that if at three months' end,  
You bring me not ten pound, in English coin,  
This diamond shall be my proper own.

*Bob.* I am, sir : shall I receive the money now ?

*Flow.* Ay, here it is ; and 'tis a good conceit.  
Will you go near, sir ? Fiddle, make him drink.

*Fid.* Will you approach, cavallero ? If I speak not in season, 'tis because I was never in the salt country, where you sea-captains use to march.

*Bob.* You are very eloquent, sir ; I'll follow you.

*Fid.* Let me alone then for leading my men.

[*Exeunt* BOBBINGTON and FIDDLE.]

*Flow.* A diamond worth forty for ten pound,  
If he return not safe from Barbary.

'Tis good, a very good conceit.

*Enter* BERRY.

*Ber.* By your leave, master Flower.

*Flow.* Welcome, good master Berry. I was bold to intreat your company to speak with a friend of mine. It is some trouble, but the conceit is good.

*Ber.* No trouble at all, sir. Shall we be going ?

*Flow.* With all my heart, sir ; and as we go I'll tell you my conceit. Come, master Berry. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Exchange. Enter at one door CRIPPLE: at the other, BOWDLER.*

*Bow.* Well met, my dear bundle of rue ! well met !

*Crip.* As much to thee, my humorous blossom.

*Bow.* A plague on thee, for a dog ! Have I found thee ? I hate thee not ; and yet, by this hand, I could find in my heart—but, sirrah Crutch, I was encountered.

*Crip.* Who became your bail ?

*Bow.* You filthy dog ; I was encountered by a wench, I say.

*Crip.* In a wench's Counter ! I thought no less : what, sirrah, did'st thou lie in the knight's ward, or on the master's side ?

*Bow.* Neither, neither, i'faith.

*Crip.* Where then ? In the Hole ?

*Bow.* By this hand, Cripple, I'll bombast thee.

*Crip.* My crutch, you mean, for wearing out my clothes.

*Bow.* Thy nose, dog, thy nose, a plague on thee ! I care not for thee ; and yet I cannot chuse but love thee. Sirrah ! Moll Berry was here about work thou hast of her's. Had'st thou been here, to have heard how I spurred the wench with incantations, thou would'st have given me the praise for a jester.

*Crip.* True, master Bowdler, I yield it you, I hold you for the absolutest jester. O, mistake me not : I mean to jest upon,—a juggling gull, a profound-seeing man of shallow wit, that Europe, nay, the world, I think, affords.

*Bow.* Well, thou art a jew, sirrah. I'll cut out that venomous tongue of thine, one of these days.

*Crip.* Do it in time, or I'll crush the heart of thy wit, till I have strained forth thy infectious humour to a drop, i'faith.

*Enter MOLL BERRY.*

*Bow.* Here comes my amorous vessel ! I'll board her, i'faith. Well encountered, Moll ! How dost thou, wench, how dost thou ?

*Moll.* What's that to you, sir ?

*Bow.* Why, I ask thee in kindness.

*Moll.* Why, then, in kindness, you are a fool for asking.

*Bow.* Is the fool your livery.

*Moll.* Not so ; for then, you, wearing that livery, would term yourself my fool.

*Bow.* Meaning me ! you gull me not, if you do.

*Moll.* What then ?

*Bow.* O, vile ! I would take you down.

*Moll.* Alas ! it wants wit. His wit is too narrow.

*Bow.* I'll stretch my wit, but I will take you down.

*Moll.* How ? upon the tenters ? indeed, if the whole piece were so stretch'd, and very well beaten with a yard of reformation, no doubt it would grow to a goodly breadth.

*Bow.* By this hand—

*Moll.* Away, you ass ! hinder not my business.

*Crip.* Finely put off, wench, i'faith.

*Moll.* By your leave, master Drawer.

*Crip.* Welcome, Mrs. Berry. I have been mindful of your work.

*Moll.* Is it done ?

*Crip.* Yes, and here it is.

*Moll.* Here is your money.

Cripple, ere long I'll visit thee again.

I have some ruffs and stomachers to draw.

*Crip.* At your pleasure.

*Bow.* By thy leave, Moll, a word.

*Moll.* Away, you bundle of nothing, away !

[*Exit MOLL.*

*Crip.* She hath a wit as sharp as her needle.

*Bow.* Alas ! myself have been her whetstone with my conference in the Exchange, any time these many years.

*Crip.* In the Exchange ! I have walked with thee there, before the visitation of my legs, and my expense in timber, at the least a hundred times, and never heard thee speak to a wench.

*Bow.* That's a lie : thou wert by when I bought these gloves of a wench.

*Crip.* That's true : they cost thee an English shilling at a word ; marry, it follows in the text that your shilling proved but a harper, and thou wert shamefully arraigned for it.

*Bow.* Good ; but I excused myself.

*Crip.* True, that thou thoughtest it had been a shilling ; marry, thou had'st never another ; nor so much as a shilling more to change it. Thou, talk in the Exchange !

*Bow.* Indeed, my best gift is in the morning, when the maids visit my chamber with such necessaries as I usually buy of them.

*Crip.* Oh, thou art one of those that, if an honest maid be sent to thy chamber with her mistress's goods, and return as honest and chaste as the morn, sirrah ! you are one of those that will slander the poor wenches, by speaking liberally of their proneness to love ; and, withal, brag how cheap you have bought their ware metaphorically, when, indeed, they depart as honest as they came thither, and leave you all the day after to sigh at the sight of an ill bargain.

*Bow.* When wilt thou spit out this serpent's tongue of thine ?

*Crip.* When wilt thou cast off this antick garment of ostentation ? do it, do it, or, by the Lord ! I will impress thy vanities, and so anatomize the very bowels of thy absurdities, that all the world shall take notice of thee for a fool, and shun thee, as the pox, or the pestilence.

*Enter* BERNARD.

*Ber.* News, news, news !



*Bow.* Sweet rogue, what's the matter?

*Ber.* By Jesu ! the rarest dancing in Christendom.

*Bow.* Sweet rascal, where? Oh, do not kill my soul  
With such delays; tell me, kind rogue, oh, tell  
Me where it is.

*Ber.* At a wedding in Gracious street.

*Bow.* Come, come away; I long to see the man  
In dancing art that does more than I can.

*Ber.* Than you, sir? he lives not.

*Bow.* Why, I did understand thee so.

*Ber.* You only excepted, the world besides  
Cannot afford more exquisite dancers  
Than are now cap'ring in that bride-ale house.

*Bow.* I will behold them. Come, Crutch, thou shalt  
with us.

*Crip.* Not I.

*Bow.* Down, dog! I'll have thy company.

*Crip.* I have business.

*Bow.* By this hand, thou shalt go with us.

*Crip.* By this leg, I will not.

*Bow.* A lame oath! never stand to that.

*Crip.* By this crutch, but I will.

*Ber.* Come, you lose time; supper is done long since;  
And they are now a dancing.

*Enter BERRY and FIDDLE.*

*Berry.* Stay, Fiddle, with thy torch. Gentlemen, good  
even.

*Ber.* Master Berry.

*Bow.* Master Berry, I wish you well, sir. Master Fiddle,  
I am your's for a congee.

*Fid.* After the French salutation, I am yours for the like  
courtesy.

*Berry.* Master Bernard, to-morrow is your day  
Of payment, sir: I mean the hundred pound,

For which I have your bond. I know 'tis sure,  
You will not break an hour ; then if you please  
To come to dinner, sir, you shall be welcome.

*Ber.* Sir, I did mean to visit you at home,  
Not to pay down the money, but entreat  
Two months forbearance.

*Berry.* How ! forbear my money ?  
Your reason why I should forbear my own.

*Ber.* You know at first the debt was none of mine ;  
I was a surety, not the principal.  
Besides, the money that was borrowed  
Miscarried in the venture ; my friend died,  
And once already have you prison'd me,  
To my great charge, almost my overthrow,  
And somewhat rais'd the debt by that advantage.  
These things consider'd, you may well forbear  
For two months' space so small a sum as this.

*Berry.* How ! I forbear, sir ! I have need of money :  
I may indeed sit moneyless at home,  
And let you walk abroad, spending my coin.  
This I may do ; but, sir, you know my mind :  
If you do break your day, assure yourself,  
That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

*Crip.* The forfeit of his bond !

*Berry.* Ay, sir, the forfeit : 'tis no charity  
To favour you that live like libertines.  
Here's a crew !

*All.* A crew : what crew ?

*Berry.* A crew of unthrifts, careless dissolutes,  
Licentious prodigals, vile tavern-tracers.  
Night-watching money-wasters, what should I call ye ?  
Oh, I want words for to define you rightly ;  
But this I know, London ne'er foster'd such  
As Bernard, Bowdler, and this paltry Crutch.

*Crip.* And you want words, sirrah, I'll teach thee words.

Thou should'st have come to ev'ry one of us  
As thus : thou wretch, thou miser, thou vile slave  
And drudge to money, bondman to thy wealth,  
Apprentice to a penny, thou that hoard'st up  
The fry of silver pence and half-pennies,  
With show of charity to give the poor,  
But put'st them to increase, where in short time  
They grow a child's part, or a daughter's portion.  
Thou that invent'st new clauses for a bond  
To cousin simple plainness. Oh ! not a dragon,  
No, nor the devil's fangs, are half so cruel  
As are thy claws : thus, thus, thou shouldst have railed.  
The forfeit of his bond ! Oh, I could spit  
My heart into thy face ; thou blood-hound, that  
Dost hunt the dear, dear life of noble gentry.

*Berry.* Cripple, 'tis known I am an honest man ;  
But, for thy words, Bernard shall fare the worse :  
As for thyself—

*Fid.* Who ? he, sir ? never regard him. I know the vilest  
thing by him. Oh, 'tis abominable.

*Berry.* Dost thou so, Fiddle ? speak : hold, take thou that ;  
speak of his shame ; speak freely ; I'll protect thee.

*Fid.* I tell you, sir, 'twill make your hair to stand on end,  
as stiff as a rubbing-brush, to hear his villanies. What's this  
you have given me ?

*Berry.* A shilling, Fiddle.

*Fid.* Have you any skill in arithmetic ?

*Berry.* Why dost thou ask ?

*Fid.* Sir, I would have you to multiply ; could you not  
make this one shilling two or three ? I would not be known  
to beg ; but if, out of your cunning, you can do this trick of  
multiplication, I shall speak the better.

*Berry.* Oh, there's another shilling for thee. Now let me  
hear what villanies thou canst charge the Cripple with.

*Fid.* So, sir ; this is multiplication. Now, sir, if you know

the rule of addition, you are an excellent scholar. Can you not add ?

*Berry.* What dost thou mean ?

*Fid.* Another shilling, sir.

*Berry.* There is another shilling. Now, Fiddle, speak.

*Fid.* Why, then, attend, you hills and dales, and stones so quick of hearing : this Cripple is—

*All.* What is he, villain ?

*Fid.* An honest man as any is in all the town.

*Berry.* An honest man !

*Fid.* Ay, by this silver, and as good a fellow as ever went upon four legs ; if you would multiply till midnight, I would never speak otherwise.

*Berry.* Fiddle, thou art a knave, and so is he :  
Come, let us home ; Bernard, look to thy bond ;  
If thou do break thy day, I do protest,  
By yon chaste moon—

*Fid.* The chaste moon ! why, the moon is not chaste.

*Berry.* How prov'st thou that ?

*Fid.* Why, sir, there's a man in the middle of her. How can she be chaste, then ?

*Berry.* Then, by my life, I swear, I'll clap him up  
Where he shall see neither the sun nor moon,  
Till I be satisfied the utmost penny ;  
And so farewell !

[*Exit.*

*Fid.* Gallants, good night : if time and place were in prosperity, I were your's for an hour's society. I must after yon mulberry with my torch. Adieu, dear hearts, adieu ! [*Exit.*

*Bow.* Come, Bernard ; let's to the dancing ; let's tickle it to-night ; for to-morrow thy heels may be too heavy.

*Ber.* All's one ; my heart shall be as light as fire.  
Come, shall we go ?

*Bow.* Cripple, will you along ?

*Crip.* My business stays me here.

*Bow.* Farewell then, dog of Israel, farewell !

[*Exeunt.*

*Crip.* "All's one ; my heart shall be as light as fire !"

'Sblood, were I indebted a hundred pound,  
My fortunes fail'd and fled, as Bernard's are,  
Not worth an hundred pence, as Bernard is,  
I should be now devising sentences  
And caveats, for posterity to carve  
Upon the inside of the Counter-wall :  
Therefore I'll now turn provident : I'll to  
My shop, and fall to work.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* Yonder's his shop. Oh, now, you gods above !  
Pity poor Phillis' heart, that melts in love ;  
Instruct the Cripple to find out my love,  
Which I will shadow under the conceit  
Of my invention for this piece of work.  
Oh, teach him how to yield me love again,  
A little, little love, a dram of kind affection.  
His many virtues are my true direction.  
By your leave, master Drawer !

*Crip.* Welcome, mistress Flower ! what's your pleasure ?

*Phil.* My cause of coming's not unknown to you.  
Here is bespoken work, which must be wrought  
With expedition ; pray have care of it.  
The residue I refer to your direction :  
Only this handkercher, a young gentlewoman  
Wish'd me to acquaint you with her mind herein :  
In one corner of the same, place wanton Love,  
Drawing his bow, shooting an amorous dart—  
Opposite against him an arrow in a heart ;  
In a third corner picture forth Disdain,  
A cruel fate unto a loving vein ;  
In the fourth draw a springing laurel-tree,

Circled about with a ring of poësy :

And thus it is :—

*Love wounds the heart, and conquers fell Disdain.  
Love pities love, seeing true love in pain :  
Love seeing Love how faithful Love did breathe,  
At length impa'd Love with a laurel-wreath.*

Thus you have heard the gentlewoman's mind.

I pray be careful that it be well done :

And so I leave you. More I fain would say ;

But shame forbids, and calls me hence away.

[*Exit.*

*Crip.* Sweet fair, I pity you, yet no relief

Harbours within the closet of my soul.

This Phillis bears me true affection ;

But I detest the humour of fond love :

Yet am I hourly solicited

As now you see ; and fain she would make known

The true perplexion of her wounded heart :

But modesty, checking her forwardness,

Bids her be still ; yet she in similies

And love-comparisons, like a good scholar,

By figures, makes a demonstration

Of the true love enclosed in her heart.

I know it well, yet will not tell her so.

Fancy shall never marry me to Woe :

Take this of me, a young man's never marr'd,

Till he by marriage from all joy be barr'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *continues.*

*Enter FRANK, singing.*

*Ye gods of Love, that sit above,*

*And pity lovers' pain,*

*Look from your thrones, upon the moans,*

*That I do now sustain.*

Was ever man thus tormented with love ?

SONG.

Ye little birds that sit and sing  
Amidst the shady vallies,  
And see how Phillis sweetly walks,  
Within her garden-allies ;  
Go, pretty birds, about her bower ;  
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower ;  
Ah, me ! methinks I see her frown !  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her, through your chirping bills,  
As you by me are bidden,  
To her is only known my love,  
Which from the world is hidden.  
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so ;  
See that your notes strain not too low,  
For still, methinks, I see her frown.  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,  
And sing, I am her lover ;  
Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note  
With sweet content may move her.  
And she that hath the sweetest voice,  
Tell her I will not change my choice ;  
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown.  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls  
Into a pretty slumber.  
Sing round about her rosy bed,  
That waking, she may wonder.

Say to her, 'tis her lover true  
 That sendeth love to you, to you ;  
 And when you hear her kind reply,  
 Return with pleasant warblings.

Avaunt, delusion ! thoughts cannot win my love :  
 Love, though divine, cannot divine my thoughts :  
 Why, to the air, then, do I idle here  
 Such heedless words, far off, and ne'er the near.  
 Hie thee, young Frank, to her that keeps thy heart ;  
 Then let sweet words thy sweeter thoughts impart.  
 But stay, here come my melancholy brothers.  
 I'll step aside and hear their conference.

[*Exit.*

*Enter ANTHONY and FERDINAND, severally.*

*Anth.* What, is my brother Ferdinand so near ?  
 He is my elder ; I must needs give place ;  
 Anthony, stand by, and list what he doth say ;  
 Haste calls me hence ; yet I will brook delay.

*Ferd.* Shall I exclaim 'gainst fortune and mishap ?  
 Or rail on Nature, who first framéd me ?  
 Is it hard Chance that keeps me from my love ?  
 Or is this heap of loath'd deformity  
 The cause that breeds a blemish in her eye ?  
 I know not what to think, or what to say,  
 Only one comfort yet I have in store,  
 Which I will practise, tho' I ne'er try more.

*Anth.* Oh, for to hear that comfort I do long ;  
 I'll turn it to a strain to right my wrong.

*Ferd.* I have a brother, rival in my love ;  
 I have a brother hates me for my love ;  
 I have a brother vows to win my love ;  
 That brother too he hath incenst my love,  
 To gain the beauty of my dearest love ;  
 What hope remains, then, to enjoy my love ?



*Anth.* I am that brother rival in his love ;  
I am that brother hates him for his love ;  
Not his, but mine ; and I will have that love,  
Or never live to see him kiss my love.  
What thou erst said, I am that man alone  
That will depose you, brother, from love's throne ;  
I am that man, tho' you my elder be,  
That will aspire beyond you one degree.

*Ferd.* I have no means of private conference ;  
So narrowly pursues my hinderer.  
No sooner am I enter'd the sweet court  
Of lovely rest, my love's rich mansion,  
But rival love to my affection  
Follows me, as a soon-enforcéd straw  
The drawing virtue of a sable jet.  
This, therefore's, my determination—  
Within the close womb of a sealéd paper  
Will I write down, in bloody characters,  
The burning zeal of my affection ;  
And, by some trusty messenger or other,  
Convey the same into my love's own hand :  
So shall I know her resolution,  
And how she fancies my affection.

*Anth.* Yet, subtle fox, I may perchance to cross you.  
Brother, well met. Whither away so fast ?

*Ferd.* About affairs that do require some haste.

*Anth.* 'Tis well done, brother ; you still seek for gain.

*Ferd.* But you would reap the harvest of my pain.  
Farewell, good brother ! I must needs be gone :  
I have serious business now to think upon.  
Yet, for I fear my brother Anthony,  
I'll step aside, and stand awhile unseen ;  
I may perchance descry which way he goes ;  
Thus, policy must work 'twixt friends and foes.

[*Exit aside.*]

*Anth.* So he is gone. I scarcely trust him neither ;  
For 'tis his custom, like a sneaking fool,  
To fetch a compass of a mile about,  
And creep where he would be. Well, let him pass.  
I heard him say, that since by word of mouth  
He could not purchase his sweet mistress' favour,  
He would endeavour what his wit might do  
By writing, and by tokens. Oh, 'tis good,  
Writing with ink ! Oh, no, but with his blood !  
Well, so much for that. Now I know his mind,  
I do intend not to be far behind.  
He'll send a letter ; I will write another :  
Do what you can, I'll be before you, brother.  
I'll intercept his letter by the way,  
And, as time serves, the same I will bewray :  
Mine being made, a porter I'll procure,  
That shall convey that heart-enticing lure.  
About it, then. My letter shall be writ,  
Though not with blood, yet with a reaching wit.

[*Exit.*

*Ferd.* And shall it so, good brother Anthony ?  
Were you so near when we in secret talk'd ?  
Will't ne'er be otherwise ? will you dog me still ?

*Re-enter FRANK.*

Welcome, sweet Frank ! such news I have to tell,  
As cannot chuse but like thee passing well.  
Thou know'st my love to Phillis ?

*Frank.* Brother, say on.

*Ferd.* Thou likewise art acquainted with my rival,  
And I do build upon your secrecy.

*Frank.* 'Sblood, and I thought you did not, I'd retire.  
Brother, you know I love you as my life.

*Ferd.* I dare profess as much, and thereupon  
Make bold to crave thy furtherance, in a thing  
Concerns me much.

*Frank.* Out with it, brother ;  
If I shrink back, repose trust in some other.

*Ferd.* Then thus it is. My brother, all in haste,  
Is gone, to write a letter to my love ;  
And thinks thereby to cross me in my suit,  
Sending it by a porter to her hand.  
If ever, therefore, thou wilt aid thy brother,  
Help me in this, who seeks help from no other.

*Frank.* By the red lip of that dainty saint, I'll aid thee all  
I may.

*Ferd.* It is enough. Then, brother, I'll provide  
A porter's habit, like in ev'ry point.  
Will you but so much humble your estate  
To put yourself in that so base attire,  
And, like so mean a person, wait his coming,  
About his door, which will not be o'er long,  
Thou shalt for ever bind me to thy love.

*Frank.* Brother, 'tis a base task, by this light ;  
But to procure a further force of love,  
I'll do't ; i'faith, I will, sweet Ferdinand.  
About it then. Provide thee some disguise ;  
But see you stay not long in any wise.  
Here shall you find me. Go, despatch !

*Ferd.* For this I'll love thee everlastingly. [Exit.

*Frank.* Mean time I'll cross your love, and if I can.  
Here's no villainy betwixt us three brothers :  
My brother Ferdinand he would have the wench ;  
And Anthony he hopes to have her too.  
Then what may I ? Faith, hope well, as they do.  
Neither of them know that I love the maid,  
Yet by this hand I am half mad for love.  
I know not well what love is ; but 'tis sure,  
I'll die if I have her not. Therefore,  
Good brothers mine, beguile you one another,  
Till you be both gull'd by your younger brother.

*Re-enter FERDINAND.*

*Ferd.* Here is a porter's habit. On with it, brother.

*Frank.* Your hand then, brother, for to put it on.  
So now, 'tis well. Come, brother, what's my task?

*Ferd.* This first—that thou make haste to Anthony's,  
Ask for a burthen, and thou shalt be sure  
To have his letter to my dear love Phillis;  
Deliver it not, but keep it to thyself,  
Till thou hast given this paper to her hands,  
Whose lines do intimate my chaste desires:  
This is the sum of all. Good Frank, make haste;  
Love burns in me; and I in love do waste.

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* Waste still; but let me in my love increase.  
Now would not all the world take me for a porter?  
How strangely am I metamorphoséd!  
And yet I need not be ashamed neither;  
Jove, when his love-scares he attempted, ever  
Transform'd himself, yet ever sped in love.  
Why may not I then in this strange disguise?  
This habit may prove mighty in Love's power,  
As beast, or bird, bull, swan, or golden shower.

*Re-enter ANTHONY.*

*Anth.* Within the centre of this paper square,  
Have I wrote down, in bloody characters,  
A pretty posy of a wounded heart.  
Such is Love's force, once burst into a flame,  
Do what we can, we cannot quench the same,  
Unless the tears of pity move compassion,  
And so quench out the fire of affection,  
Whose burning force heats me in ev'ry vein,  
That I to Love for safety must complain.  
This is my orator, whose dulcet tongue

Must plead my love to beauteous Phillis.  
Now for a trusty messenger, to be  
Employ'd herein, betwixt my love and me !  
And, in good time, I see a porter nigh.  
Come hither, fellow ! dwell'st thou hereabout ?

*Frank.* Sir, my abiding is not far from hence ;  
And Trusty John men call me by my name.

*Anth.* Can'st thou be trusty then, and secret too,  
Being employ'd in weighty business ?

*Frank.* Sir, I was never yet disprov'd in either.

*Ferd.* Then mark me well. In Cornhill by th' Exchange,  
Dwells an old merchant ; Flower they call his name.  
He hath one only daughter, to whose hands,  
If thou conveniently can give this letter,  
I'll pay thee well, make thee the happiest porter  
That ever undertook such business.

*Frank.* Sir, give me your letter. If I do it not,  
Then let your promis'd favor be forgot.

*Anth.* Anthony Goulding is my name, my friend ;  
About it then : thy message being done,  
Make haste to me again : till when, I leave thee. [Exit.

*Frank.* And so fare thee well, loving brother !  
It had been better you had sent some other.  
Let me consider what is best be done.  
Shall I deliver his letter ? no :  
Shall I convey it to my rival brother ? nor so :  
Shall I tear the same ? No, not for a million.  
What shall I then do ? marry, like a kind brother,  
Open the book ; see what is written there.  
If nought but love, in love have thou a share.  
Brother, by your leave, I hope you'll not deny  
But that I love you : God bless my eyesight !  
A sonnet 'tis, in verse : now, on my life,  
He hath perus'd all the impressions  
Of sonnets, since the fall of Lucifer,

And made some scurvy, quaint collection  
Of fustian phrases, and uplandish words.

THE LETTER.

Fair glory of virtue ! thy enamorate  
Pleads loyally in pure affection,  
Whose passion Love do thou exonerate,  
And he shall live by thy protection :  
Nor from thy love shall he once derogate,  
For any soul under this horizon.  
Yield thou to Love ; and I will fail in neither ;  
So Love and Truth shall always live together.

Your's devoted,

ANTHONY GOULDING.

Before God, excellent good poetry !

'Sblood, what means he by this line ?

" For any soul under this horizon."

No matter for his meaning, mean what he will,

I mean his meaning shall not be deliver'd.

But for my other trust, my other letter,  
That shall come short too of fair Phillis' hands.

There is a cripple dwelling here at hand,

That's very well acquainted with the maid,

And for I once did rescue them from thieves,

Swore, if he liv'd, he would requite that kindness.

To him I will for counsel : he shall be

My tutor by his wit and policy.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Exchange. Discovers Boy in a shop, cutting square  
parchments. To him enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* Why, how now, sirrah ? can you find nought to do  
But waste the parchment in this idle sort ?

*Boy.* I do but what my mistress gave in charge.

*Phil.* Your mistress ! in good time ! then, sir, it seems,  
Your duty cannot stoop but to her lure.  
Sir, I will make you know that, in her absence,  
You shall account to my demand. Your mistress !  
And your mistress' will is this ! and thus you'll do !  
But answer to the motion I have made,  
Or you shall feel you have another mistress now.  
Speak ! why, when, I say ?

*Boy.* Indeed, I know your glory.  
Your pride's at full in this authority.  
But were it not for modest bashfulness,  
And that I dread a base contentious name,  
I would not be a by-word to the Exchange,  
For every one to say (myself going by)  
Yon goes a vassal to authority.

*Phil.* You would not, sir ! had I the yard in hand,  
I'd measure your pate for this delusion ;  
And by my maiden chastity I swear,  
Unless— [*Reaches for the yard, and the Boy stays her hand.*]

*Boy.* What unless ! I know your wilfulness ;  
These words are but to show the world your humour.  
I often use to square these parchment-pieces  
Without occasion. I'm sure you are not witting,  
The lawns you lately bought of Master Brookes  
Are new come home, brought by the merchant's servant.  
I know you are short member'd, but not so short  
Of your remembrance that this is news to you.

*Phil.* You're best to brave me in a taunting humour.  
Wilt please you ope the door ? where's Ursula ?  
Oh, here's good stuff ! my back's no sooner turned,  
But she must needs be gadding ; and where, I pray ?

*Boy.* She's gone to Master Palmer's, on th' other side.

*Phil.* On great occasions, sir ; I doubt it not.

[*Sits and works in the shop.*]

*Enter Master RICHARD GARDINER, booted, and Master WILLIAM BENNET, two gentlemen, at one end of the stage.*

*Ben.* Kind Dick, thou wilt not be unmindful of my duty  
To that same worthy arts-master, Lionel Barnes.

*Gard.* My love, sweet Will, hath chain'd it to my memory.

*Ben.* Then, with this kind embrace, I take my leave,  
Wishing thou wert as safe arriv'd at Cambridge,  
As thou art at this present near the Exchange.

*Gard.* And, well remember'd, kind Will Bennet !  
Others' affairs made me oblivious  
Of mine own ; I pray thee, go to the Exchange ;  
I have certain bands and other linen to buy.  
Prithee accompany me.

*Ben.* With all my heart.

*Gard.* Sure, this is a beauteous, gallant Walk !  
Were my continual residence in London,  
I should make much use of such a pleasure :  
Methinks the glorious virgins of this square  
Give life to dead-struck youth. Oh, heavens !

*Ben.* Why, how now, Dick ?

*Gard.* By my sweet hopes of an hereafter bliss,  
I never saw a fairer face than this !  
Oh, for acquaintance with so rich a beauty !

*Ben.* Take thy occasion. Never hadst thou better.

*Gard.* Have at her then !

*Phil.* What lack you, gentlemen ?

*Gard.* Faith, nothing, had I thee.  
For in thine eye all my desires I see.

*Phil.* My shop you mean, sir ; there you may have choice  
Of lawns, or cambricks, ruffs well wrought, shirts,  
Fine falling bands of the Italian cut-work,  
Ruffs for your hands, waistcoats wrought with silk,  
Nightcaps of gold, or such like wearing linen,  
Fit for the chapman of what-e'er degree.



*Gard.* Faith, virgin,

In my days I have worn and outworn much,  
Yea, many of these golden necessities ;  
But such a gallant beauty, or such a form  
I never saw, nor never wore the like.  
Faith, be not then unkind ; but let me wear  
This shape of thine, although I buy it dear.

*Phil.* What, hath the tailor play'd his part so well,  
That with my gown you are so far in love ?

*Gard.* Mistake not, sweet ! your garment is the cover  
That veils the shape and pleasures of a lover.

*Phil.* That argues then you do not see my shape.  
How comes it then you are in love with it ?

*Gard.* A garment made by cunning arts-men's skill  
Hides all defects that Nature's swerving hand  
Hath done amiss, and makes the shape seem pure ;  
If then it grace such lame deformity,  
It adds a greater grace to purity.

*Phil.* O, short-liv'd praise ! even now I was as fair  
As any thing ; now fouler nothing.  
Dissembling men ! what maid will credit them ?

*Gard.* How misconstruction leads your thoughts awry !

*Ben.* I prithee, Dick, ha' done ; think on thy journey.

*Phil.* You counsel well, sir. I think the gentleman  
Comes but to whet his whit, and 'tis but need ;  
'Tis blunt enough ; he may ride far upon it.

*Gard.* Marry gip, minx !

*Phil.* A fine word in a gentleman's mouth !  
'Twere good your back were towards me ; there can I  
Read better content than in the face of lust.

*Gard.* Now you display your virtues as they are.

*Phil.* What am I ? you cipher, parenthesis of words,  
Stall-troubler, prater ; what sit I here for naught ?  
Bestow your lustful courtship on your minions ;  
This place holds none ; you and your companion,

Get you down the stairs ; or I protest  
 I'll make this squared walk too hot for you.  
 Had you been as you seem'd in outward shew,  
 Honest gentlemen, such terms of vile abuse  
 Had not been proffer'd to virginity ;  
 But swains will quickly show their base descent.

*Gard.* This is no place for brawls ; but if it were,  
 Your impositions are more than I would bear.

*Ben.* Come, she's a woman ; I prithee leave her.

[*Exeunt GARD. and BEN.*]

*Phil.* Nay, sure a maid, unless her thoughts deceive her.  
 God speed you well ! Sirrah, boy !

*Boy.* Anon !

*Phil.* Go to the starcher's for the suit of ruffs  
 For Master Bowdler's bands and Master Goulding's shirts.  
 Let's have a care to please our proved friends :  
 As for our strangers, if they use us well,  
 For love and money, love and ware we'll sell. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the Exchange. The CRIPPLE discovered at work. Enter FRANK, disguised as a porter.*

*Frank.* Now fortune be my guide. This is the shop,  
 And in good time the Cripple is at work.  
 God speed you, sir !

*Crip.* Welcome, honest friend ! what's thy will with me ?

*Frank.* I would entreat you, read a letter for me.

*Crip.* With all my heart :

I know the maid to whom it is directed.

*Frank. (aside).* I know you do, Cripple, better than you think.

*Crip.* I pray you, what gentleman writ the same ?

*Frank.* Sir, a gentleman of good learning, and my friend :  
 To say the truth, 'twas written for myself,

Being somewhat overtaken with fond love,  
As many men be, sir.

*Crip.* Why art thou persuaded, or hast thou any hope,  
So beautiful a virgin as she is,  
Of such fair parentage, so virtuous,  
So gentle, kind and wise, as Phillis is,  
That she will take remorse of such base stuff.  
I think not so. But let me see : what's thy name ?

*Frank.* Trusty John, men call me, sir.

*Crip.* How comes it then, your blinded secretary  
Hath writ another name unto the letter ?  
" Yours devoted, Anthony Goulding."  
But sure this letter is no right of thine :  
Either thou found'st the same by happy chance,  
Or, being employéd as a messenger,  
Play'dst *legerdemain* with him that sent the same.  
Wherefore the maid, well known unto myself,  
I will reserve the letter to her use,  
That she, if by the name herein set down,  
She know the gentleman that doth wish her well,  
She may be grateful for his courtesy.

*Frank.* Nay then I see I must disclose myself.  
Sir, might I build upon your secrecy,  
I would disclose a secret of import.

*Crip.* Assure thyself, I will not injure thee.

*Frank.* Then, Cripple, know, I am not what I seem ;  
But took this habit to deceive my friend :  
My friend indeed, but yet my cruel foe :  
Foe to my good, my friend in outward show !  
I am no porter, as I seem to be,  
But younger brother to that Anthony ;  
And, to be brief, I am in love with Phillis,  
Which my two elder brothers do affect :  
The one of them seeks to defeat the other :  
Now, if that I, being their younger brother,

Could gull them both, by getting of the wench,  
I would requite it with love's recompence.  
Cripple, thou once didst promise me thy love,  
When I did rescue thee on Mile-end Green.  
Now is the time ; now let me have thy aid  
To gull my brothers of that beauteous maid.

*Crip.* Sir, what I promis'd I will now perform ;  
My love is yours, my life to do you good,  
Which to approve, follow me but in all ;  
We'll gull your brothers, in the wench and all.

*Frank.* Say'st thou me so, friend ? for that very word,  
My life is thine. Command my hand and sword.

*Crip.* Then let me see this letter. It should seem  
You undertook to carry it from your brother  
To the maid.

*Frank.* I did, and from my brother Ferdinand  
This other letter to the same effect.

*Crip.* Well, list to me, and follow my advice.  
You shall deliver neither of them both ;  
But frame two letters of your own invention,  
Letters of flat denial to their suits.  
Give them to both your brothers, as from Phillis,  
And let each line in either letter tend  
To the dispraise of both their features ;  
And the conclusion I would have set down,  
A flat resolve, bound with some zealous oath,  
Never to yield to either of their suits.  
And if this sort not well to your content,  
Condemn the Cripple.

*Frank.* But this will ask much time,  
And they by this time look for my return.

*Crip.* Why then myself will fit you presently.  
I have the copies in my custody  
Of sundry letters to the same effect.

*Frank.* Of thy own writing ?

*Crip.* My own, I assure you, sir.

*Frank.* Faith, thou hast robb'd some sonnet-book or other,  
And now wouldst make me think they are thine own.

*Crip.* Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a letter,  
Ditty, or sonnet, with judicial phrase,  
As pretty, pleasing, and pathological,  
As the best Ovid-imitating dunce  
In all the town?

*Frank.* I think thou canst not.

*Crip.* Yea, I'll swear I cannot.  
Yet, sirrah, I could coney-catch the world,  
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,  
And be admir'd for my dexterity,  
Were I disposed.

*Frank.* I prithee, how?

*Crip.* Why thus. There liv'd a poet in this town  
(If we may term our modern writers poets)  
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued, his pen of steel,  
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice,  
And extracts of the bitter'st weeds that grew.  
He never wrote but when the elements  
Of fire and water tilted in his brain :  
This fellow, ready to give up his ghost  
To Lucia's bosom, did bequeath to me  
His library, which was just nothing,  
But rolls, and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,  
Such as durst never visit Paul's Churchyard.  
Amongst them all, I happen'd on a quire  
Or two of paper, fill'd with songs and ditties,  
And here and there a hungry epigram.  
These I reserve to my own proper use.  
And, pater-noster-like, have conn'd them all.  
I could now, when I am in company  
At ale-house, tavern, or an ordinary,  
Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty

(Or one at least should seem extemporal)  
Out of the abundance of this legacy,  
That all would judge it, and report it too,  
To be the infant of a sudden wit,  
And then I were an admirable fellow.

*Frank.* This were a piece of cunning.

*Crip.* I could do more ; for I could make inquiry  
Where the best-witted gallants use to dine ;  
Follow them to the tavern ; and there sit  
In the next room with a calves-head and brimstone,  
And overhear their talk, observe their humours :  
Collect their jests, put them into a play,  
And tire them too with payment, to behold  
What I have filch'd from them. This I could do :  
But oh, for shame that men should so arraign  
Their own fee-simple wits for verbal theft !  
Yet men there be that have done this and that,  
And more by much more than the most of them.

*Frank.* But to our purpose, Cripple, to these letters.

*Crip.* I have them ready for you, here they be.  
Give these to your two brothers ; say that Phillis  
Deliver'd them with frowns, and though her name  
Be not subscrib'd (which may not well be done)  
It may perhaps give them occasion  
To think she scorn'd them so much grace and favour.  
This done, return to me ; and let me know  
Th' occurrents of this practice, as they grow ;  
And so farewell ! I can no longer stand  
To talk with you. I have some work in hand. [Exit.

*Frank.* Farewell, mad Cripple ! now, Frank Goulding, fly  
To put in practice this new policy.  
But soft, here comes the maid. I will essay

*Enter PHILLIS and FIDDLE.*

To plead my own love by a stranger way.  
By your leave, sir.

*Fid.* Porter, I am not for you. You see I am perambulating before a female.

*Frank.* I would crave but a word with you.

*Fid.* Speak in time, then, porter; for otherwise I do not love to answer you; and be as brief as you can, good porter.

*Frank.* I pray you, sir, what gentlewoman is this?

*Fid.* Certes, porter, I serve a gentleman. That gentleman is father to this gentlewoman. This gentlewoman is a maid. This maid is fair. And this fair maid belongeth to the Exchange. And the Exchange hath not the like fair maid. Now, porter, put this all together; and tell me what it spells.

*Frank.* I promise you, sir, you have posed me.

*Fid.* Then you are an ass, porter! 'Tis the fair Maid of the Exchange.

*Frank.* Her name, I pray you, sir?

*Fid.* Her name, porter, requires much poeticality in the subscription; and no less judgment in the understanding. Her name is Phillis, not Phillis that same dainty lass that was beloved of Amyntas; nor Phillis she that doated on that comely youth Demophoon; but this is Phillis, that most strange Phillis, the flower of the Exchange.

*Phil.* What, would that porter anything with me?

*Frank.* Yes, mistress. Since by chance I meet you here, I'll tell you, tho' it not concerns myself,

What I this morning saw. There is a gentleman,  
One Master Goulding, the youngest of three brothers,  
They call him Frank. This man lies very sick.

I being at his house, perchance, inquired

What his disease was, of a servant there,

Who said, the doctors cannot tell themselves;

But in his fits he ever calls on Love,

And prays to Love for pity, and then names you,

And then names Love again; and then calls Phillis,

And sometimes starts, and would forsake his bed,

And being asked whither, says he would go to Phillis.

My business call'd me hence ; but I heard say  
 His friends do mean to intreat you to take the pains  
 To visit him, because they do suppose  
 The sick man loves you, and thence his sickness grows.

*Phil.* Porter, is this true ?

Or art thou hir'd to this, I prithee tell me.

*Frank.* Mistress, not hired : my name is Trusty John.  
 If I delude you, never trust me more.

*Phil.* I thank thee, porter, and thank Love withal,  
 That thus hath wrought the tyrant Goulding's fall :  
 He once scorn'd Love, jested at wounded hearts,  
 Challeng'd almighty beauty, rail'd at passion ;  
 And is he now caught by the eyes and heart ?  
 Now by Diana's milk-white veil, I swear,  
 The goddess of my maiden chaste desires,  
 I am as glad of it as glad may be ;  
 And I will see him, if but to laugh at him,  
 And torture him with jests. Fiddle, along !  
 When we return, if they do send for me,  
 I'll arm myself with flouts and cruelty.

*Fid.* Porter, we commit you ; if you be a crafty knave and  
 lay in the wind for a vantage, you have your answer : mark  
 her last words—"I'll arm myself with flouts and cruelty."

[*Exeunt* PHILLIS and FIDDLE.

*Frank.* "I'll arm myself with flouts and cruelty."  
 Will you so, Phillis ? what a state am I in !  
 Why, I of all am furthest from her love :  
 'Sblood, if I now should take conceit at this,  
 Fall sick with love indeed, were not my state  
 Most lamentable ? Ay, by this hand, were it.  
 Well, heart, if thou wilt yield, look to thyself !  
 Thou wilt be tortur'd ; well, what remedy !

*Enter* ANTHONY.

Here comes my brother Anthony ! I am for him.



*Anth.* Porter, what news? spake you with Phillis?

*Frank. (aside).* Ay, too late, to my grief.

*(Aloud).* Spoke with her, sir, i'faith I think I have.

Here is a letter for you; and by that

You shall judge if I did speak with her.

Now, Cripple, shall we prove your learned wit!

*Anth.* Zounds, am I mad, or is she mad that writ this?  
I'll read it o'er again.

#### THE LETTER.

Sir,

I did never like you; I do not now think well of you;  
and I will never love you. I chuse my husband with my eyes,  
and I have seen some especial fault in you, as the colour of  
your hair, the elevating of your head to an affected proportion,  
as if you fainted for want of air, and stood in that manner to  
suck it into your nose; your neck is too long; and (to be  
short) I like no part in or about you; and the short and the  
long, boy, is, that I will never love you; and I will never  
marry but one I love.

NOT YOUR'S, BUT HER OWN.

Blank, I am struck blank, and blind, and mad withal.

Here is a flat denial to my suit,

A resolution never to be won.

What shall I do? assist me, God of Love!

Instruct me in thy school-tricks; be my guide

Out of this labyrinth of love and fear,

Unto the palace of fair Phillis' favour.

I have it: I will intimate her mother

In my behalf, with letters and with gifts.

To her I'll write to be my advocate.

Porter, farewell! there's for thy pains;

Thy profit by this toil passeth my gains.

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* You have your answer, and a kind one too.

Cripple, I'll make thee crutches of pure silver,  
For this device. Thou hast a golden wit.  
Now if my brother Ferdinand were here,  
To read his absolution—here he comes !

*Enter FERDINAND.*

Brother !

*Ferd.* Frank !

What, hast thou given the letter to her hand ?  
And stay'd my brother Anthony withal ?

*Frank.* I have done both, and, more than that, behold,  
Here is an answer to your letter, brother.

*Anth.* Frank, I will love thee, while I live for this.

*Frank.* Scarce, when you read what there contain'd is.

*Ferd.*

#### THE LETTER.

Gallant,

That write for love, if you had come yourself, you  
might perchance have sped. I do not counsel you neither to  
come yourself, unless you leave your head at home, or wear a  
vizard, or come backwards ; for I never look you in the face  
but I am sick. And so, praying God to continue my health,  
by keeping you from me, I leave you.

O, unkind answer to a lover's letter !

Let me survey the end once more :

“ For I never look you in the face but I am sick. And so,  
praying God to continue me in health, by keeping you from  
me—”

Is she so far from yielding ? is this fort  
Of her chaste love yet so impregnable ?  
What shall I do ? this is the furthest way,  
A labour of impossibilities,  
This way to win her ! I will once again

Challenge the promise that her father made me.

To him I'll write, and he (I know) will plead

My love to Phillis, and so win the maid. [Exit.

*Frank.* Farewell, poor tortur'd heart! was ever known

Two loving brothers in such misery?

Let me consider of my own estate:

What profit do I reap by this delusion?

Why none; I am as far from Phillis' heart

As when she first did wound me with her eyes.

Cripple, to thee I come; 'tis thou must be

My counsellor in this extremity. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Continues. Enter CRIPPLE, BOWDLER, and BERNARD.*

*Crip.* Sirrah Bowdler, what makes thee in this merry vein?

*Bow.* O Lord, sir! it is your most elevated humour to be merry. To be concise, set up the collar, and look thus with a double chin, like Diogenes peering over his tub, is too cynical, the sign of melancholy, and indeed the mere effect of a salt rheum.

*Crip.* Who would think this gentleman's yesterday's dis-temperature should breed such motions? I think it be restorative to activity. I never saw a gentleman caper so excellent as he did last night.

*Bow.* Mean you me, sir?

*Crip.* Your own self, by this hand.

*Bow.* You gull me not?

*Crip.* How, gull you?

Methinks a man so well reputed of,

So well commended for your qualities

In schools of nimble activeness,

And places where divinest quiristers

Warble enchanting harmony, to such

As think there is no heaven on earth but their's:

And knowing yourself to be the genius  
Of the spectators, and the audience' hearts,  
You wrong your worthy self intolerably,  
To think our words savour of flattery.

*Bow.* Sirrah, dog ! how didst thou like my last caper and  
turn a the toe ?

*Crip.* Before God, passing well.

*Ber.* I know his worship made it, 'tis so excellent.

*Bow.* It was my yesterday's exercise.

*Crip.* After the working of your purgation, was it not ?

*Bow.* What purgation, you filthy cur ?

*Crip.* After the purging of your brain, sir.

*Bow.* Be still, dog ; bark not, though by misfortune  
I was last night somewhat distemperéd :  
I will not be upbraided ; 'twas no more  
But to refine my wit ; but tell me truly  
How dost thou like my caper ?

*Crip.* Far better than I can commend it.

*Bow.* Now, as I am a gentleman,  
My tutor was not witting of the same,  
And in my opinion 'twill do excellent.  
O this air ! here's a most eloquious air for the memory,  
I could spend the third part of my arms in silver,  
To be encounter'd by some good wit or other.

*Crip.* What say you to your sweetheart, Moll Berry ?

*Bow.* Peace, Cripple ! silence ; name her not ; I could not  
endure the career of her wit for a million ; she is the only she-  
Mercury under the heavens ; her wit is all spirit ; that spirit  
fire ; that fire flies from her tongue, able to burn the radix of  
the best invention. In this element, she is the abstract and  
brief of all the eloquence since the incarnation of Tully. I  
tell thee, Cripple, I had rather encounter Hercules with blows,  
than Moll Berry with words. And yet, by this light, I am  
horribly in love with her.

*Enter MOLL BERRY.*

*Crip.* See where she comes. O excellent !

*Bow.* Now have I no more blood than a bulrush.

*Ber.* How now, what ail you, sir ?

*Crip.* What's the matter, man ?

*Bow.* See, see, that glorious angel doth approach ! What shall I do ?

*Crip.* She is a saint indeed ! Zounds ! to her ; court her ; win her ; wear her ; wed her ; and bed her too.

*Bow.* I would it were come to that. I win her ! By heaven, I am not furnished of a courting phrase, to throw at a dog.

*Crip.* Why no ; but at a woman you have. O, sir ! seem not so doltish now : can you make no fustian ? ask her if she'll take a pipe of tobacco.

*Bow.* It will offend her judgment. Pardon me.

*Crip.* But hear you, sir ! reading so much as you have done, Do you not remember one pretty phrase,  
To scale the walls of a fair wench's love ?

*Bow.* I never read anything but "Venus and Adonis."

*Crip.* Why, that's the very quintessence of love.  
If you remember but a verse or two,  
I'll pawn my head, goods, lands and all, 'twill do.

*Bow.* Why then, have at her !  
"Fondling, I say, since I have hemm'd thee here,  
Within the circle of this ivory pale,  
I'll be a park—"

*Moll.* Hands off, fond sir !

*Bow.* —— "and thou shalt be my deer.  
Feed thou on me, and I will feed on thee ;  
And Love shall feed us both."

*Moll.* Feed you on woodcocks ; I can fast awhile.

*Bow.* "Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed."

*Crip.* Take heed, she's not on horseback.

*Bow.* Why, then she is alighted.

“Come, sit thee down, where never serpent hisses ;  
And, being set, I’ll smother thee with kisses.”

*Moll.* Why, is your breath so hot ? now God forbid  
I should buy kisses to be smotheréd !

*Bow.* Mean you me ? you gull me not ?

*Moll.* No, no, poor Bowdler, thou dost gull thyself.

*(Aside).* Thus must I do to shadow the hid fire,

That in my heart doth burn with hot desire :

Oh, I do love him well, whate’er I say,

Yet will I not myself self-love bewray.

If he be wise, he’ll sue with good take-heed.

Bowdler, do so ; and thou art sure to speed.

I will fly hence to make his love the stronger,

Tho’ my affection must lie hid the longer.

*(Aloud).* What, Master Bowdler, not a word to say ?

*Bow.* No, by my troth ; if you stay here all day.

*Moll.* Why, then, I’ll bear the bucklers hence away.

*[Exit.*

*Crip.* What, Master Bowdler, have you let her pass unconquered ?

*Bow.* Why, what could I do more ? I look’d upon her with judgment ; the strings of my tongue were well in tune ; my embraces were in good measure ; my palm of a good constitution ; only the phrase was not moving ; as, for example, Venus herself, with all her skill, could not win Adonis with the same words. O heavens ! was I so fond then to think that I could conquer Moll Berry ? Oh, the natural fluence of my own wit had been far better ! Good ev’n, good fellow !

*Enter FIDDLE.*

*Fid.* God give you the time of day ! Pardon me, gallants, I was so near the middle that I knew not which hand to take.

*Bow.* A very good conceit.

*Fid.* And yet, because I will be sure to give you a true

salutation, Cripple, *quomodo valet*? Good morrow, Cripple; good morrow, Master Bernard; Master Bowdler, *bonos noches*, as they say, good night! and thus you have heard my manner of salutation.

*Crip.* You are very eloquent, sir; but, Fiddle, what's the best news abroad!

*Fid.* The best knows I know not, sir; but the newest news is most excellent, i'faith!

*Ber.* Prithee, let's hear it.

*Fid.* Why, this it is: the serjeants are watching to arrest you at Master Berry's suit.

*Ber.* Wounds, where?

*Fid.* Nay, I know not where. Alas, sir, there is no such matter. I did but say so much, to make you warm the handle of your rapier. But, Master Bowdler, I have good news for you.

*Bow.* Let me hear it, my sweet russeting.

*Fid.* How, russeting?

*Bow.* Ay, my little apple-john.

*Fid.* You are a—

*Bow.* A what?

*Fid.* You are a— Oh, that I could speak for indignation!

*Bow.* Nay, what am I?

*Fid.* You are a pippin-monger, to call me russeting, or apple-john.

*Bow.* Sirrah Russeting! I'll have your head off.

*Fid.* You pippinmonger, I'll cut off your legs, and make you travel so near the mother earth, that every boy shall be high enough to steal apples out of thy basket. Call me Russeting!

*Crip.* Nay, be friends, be friends.

*Fid.* As I am a gentleman, Cripple, I meant him no harm; but the name of Russeting to Master Fiddle, that many times travels under the arm in velvet, but for the most part in lea-

ther truss'd with calf-skin points, 'tis most tolerable, and not to be endured. Flesh and blood cannot bear it.

*Crip.* Come, come, all shall be well.

*Bow.* Fiddle, give me thy hand. A plague on thee, thou knowest well I love thee.

*Fid.* Say you so? why, then, Anger, avoid the room! Melancholy, march away! Choler, to the next chamber! and here's my hand. I am yours to command, from this time, forth, your very mortal friend, and loving enemy, Master Fiddle.

*Bow.* Now, tell us what is the news you had for me?

*Fid.* Oh, the sweet news! 'faith, sir, this it is, that I was sent to the Cripple from my young mistress. Master Cripple, you know I have spent some time in idle words, therefore, be you compendious, and tell me if my mistress' handkercher be done or no.

*Crip.* Fiddle, 'tis done, and here it is. Commend me to thy mistress.

*Fid.* After the most humble manner, I will; and so, gentlemen, I commit you all: you, Cripple, to your shop; you, sir, to a turn-up, and dish of capers; and lastly, you, master Bernard, to the tuition of the Counter-keeper. There's an item for you; and so, farewell!

[*Exit.*]

*Crip.* Master Bowdler, how do you like his humour?

*Bow.* By this light, I had not thought the clod had had so nimble a spirit. But, Cripple, farewell! I'll to Moll Berry. Come, Bernard, along with me.

*Crip.* Farewell, sweet signiors both, farewell, farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV., SCENE I.

*Master FLOWER's House. Enter Master FLOWER at one door, reading a letter from FERDINAND: at the other, Mrs. FLOWER, with a letter from ANTHONY.*

*Flow.* The conceit is good. Ferdinand entreats a marriage



with my daughter. Good, very good ! for he is a gentleman of good carriage, a wise man, a rich man, a careful man ; and therefore worthy of my daughter's love. It shall be so.

*Mrs. F.* Marry, and shall, kind gentleman. My furtherance, saist thou ? Yes, Anthony, assure thyself ; for, by the motherly care that I bear to my daughter, it hath been a desire that long hath lodged within my careful breast, to match her with thy well-deserving self ; and to this end have I sent for my daughter, and charged my servants, that presently, upon her repair hither from her mistress's, that she enter this private walk, where and with whom I will so work, that, doubt it not, dear son, but she shall be thine.

*Flow.* And I will make her jointure of a hundred pounds by year. It is a very good conceit, and why ? because the worthy portion betters my conceit, which, being good, in conceiving well of the gentleman's good parts, the proffered jointure adds to my conceit, and betters it. Very good.

*Mrs. F.* A thousand crowns for you to make the match ! Pretty heart, how love can work ! By God's blest mother, I vow she shall be thine ! if I have any interest in my daughter. (*Flower smiles at reading his letter, and they snatch the letters from each other.*) But stay, whom have I espied ? my husband likewise reading of a letter, and in so good a humour ! I'll lay my life, good gentleman, he hath also wrought with *him* for his good will ; and for I long to know the truth thereof, my sudden purpose shall experience it. What's here, husband ? (*Reads to herself, and frowns.*) A letter from Master Ferdinand to entreat a marriage with your daughter ?

*Flow.* And here the like to you from Anthony to that effect. This is no good conceit. If she be mine, she shall be Ferdinand's.

*Mrs. F.* If she respect her mother's favour,  
'Tis Anthony shall be her love.

*Flow.* How, wife ?

*Mrs. F.* Even so, husband.

*Flow.* You will not cross my purpose, will you?

*Mrs. F.* In this you shall not bridle me, I swear.

*Flow.* Is she not my daughter?

*Mrs. F.* You teach me, husband, what your wife should say.

I think her life is dearest unto me,  
Though you forget the long extremity  
And pains which I endured, when forth this womb,  
With much ado, she did enjoy the life  
She now doth breathe: and shall I now suffer  
Her destruction?

*Flow.* Yea, but conceit me, wife.

*Mrs. F.* A fig for your conceits. In this I know there can be none. Say he be his father's eldest son, and a merchant of good wealth,

Yet, my dear Anthony's as rich as he:  
What, though his portion was but small at first,  
His industry hath now increas'd his talent;  
And he that knoweth the getting of a penny,  
Will fear to spend. She shall have him, if any.

*Flow.* By the Mary God, wife, you vex me.

*Mrs. F.* 'Tis your own impatience, you may chuse.

*Flow.* I will not wed my daughter to that Anthony.

*Mrs. F.* By this—

*Flow.* Hold, wife, hold; I advise thee swear not,  
For, by him that made me, first I vow,  
She shall not touch the bed of Anthony.

*Mrs. F.* And may I never live, (so God me help,)  
If ever she be wed to Ferdinand.

*Flow.* The devil's in this woman; how she thwarts me still!

*Mrs. F.* Fret on, good husband; I will have my will.

*Flow.* But, conceit me, wife; suppose we should consent our daughter should wed either of them both, and she dislike the match, were that a good conceit?

*Mrs. F.* All's one for that. I know my daughter's mind,  
If I but say the word.

*Flow.* I would be loath to wed her 'gainst her will.  
Content thee, wife ; we'll hear her resolution.  
And as I find her, to her own content  
To either of them, she shall have my consent.

*Mrs. F.* Why, now old Flower speaketh like himself.

*Flow.* Agreed, and 'faith, wife, tis a good conceit.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

And see where my daughter comes ! Welcome, girl !  
How doth your mistress, Phillis ? God bless thee, Phillis !  
Rise.

*Phil.* God have the glory, in perfect health she is.

*Flow.* 'Tis good ; I am glad she doth so well.  
But list, my daughter ! I have golden news  
To impart unto thee.  
A golden Goulding, wench, must be thy husband.  
Is't not a good conceit ?

*Phil.* Father, I understand you not.

*Flow.* Then, my girl, thy conceit is very shallow.  
Master Ferdinand Goulding is in love with thee.

*Mrs. F.* No, daughter, 'tis thine Anthony.

*Flow.* Ferdinand is rich, for he hath store of gold.

*Mrs. F.* Anthony is rich, yet is he not so old.

*Flow.* Ferdinand is virtuous, full of modesty.

*Mrs. F.* Anthony's more gracious, if more may be.

*Flow.* Ferdinand's wise. Being wise, who would not love  
him ?

*Mrs. F.* Anthony more wise. Then, girl, desire to prove  
him.

*Flow.* In Ferdinand's all the beauty that may be.

*Mrs. F.* He is deceiv'd. 'Tis in thine Anthony.

*Phil.* Dear parents, you confound me with your words.  
I pray what mean these hot persuasions ?

*Flow.* Thy good, my daughter.

*Mrs. F.* If but rul'd by me.

*Flow.* But for thy ill fare—

*Mrs. F.* If she 'tend to thee.

*Flow.* The truth is this, that each of us hath ta'en  
A solemn vow, that thou, my loving daughter,  
Shalt wed with one of these two gentlemen ;  
But yet refer the choice unto thyself.  
One thou shalt love. Love Ferdinand, if me.

*Mrs. F.* If love thy mother, love thine Anthony.

*Phil.* In these extremes, what shall become of me ?  
I pray you give me respite to consider  
How to digest these impositions :  
You have impos'd a business of such weight,  
Pray God your daughter may discharge herself.  
*Flow.* Think on't, my girl ; we will withdraw awhile.

[*They walk aside.*]

*Phil.* A little respite fits my resolution.  
Those gentles sue too late. There is another  
Of better worth, tho' not of half their wealth.  
What though deform'd, his virtue mends that 'miss ;  
What though not rich, his wit doth better gold ;  
And my estate shall add unto his wants.  
I am resolv'd, good father and dear mother ;  
Phillis doth chuse a cripple, and none other.  
But yet I must dissemble.

*Flow.* How now, my soul's best hope ! tell me, my girl,  
Shall Ferdinand be he ?

*Phil.* I pray a word in private.

*Flow.* Marry, with all my heart.

*Phil.* In all the duty that a child can show  
The love that to a father it doth owe,  
I yield myself to be at your command,  
And vow to wed no man but Ferdinand.  
But, if you please, at your departure hence,

You may inforce dislike to cloud your brow,  
T'avoid my mother's anger and suspicion.

*Flou.* Before God, a very good conceit !

*(Aloud).* Hence, baggage, out of my sight !  
Come not within my doors, thou had'st been better  
Run millions of miles barefooted, than  
Thus by your coy disdain to have deluded me.

*(Aside).* Oh ! mine own flesh and blood, the mirror of wit !

*(Aloud).* Now will I hence ; and, with all the speed I may,  
Send for my son. I'll have it done this day. *[Exit.]*

*Mrs. F.* What, is he gone ? and in so hot a chafe ?  
Well, let him go, I need not question why ;  
For well I wot, his suit is cold : 'tmust die.  
Daughter, I gather by thy pleasant smiles,  
Thy mother hath more interest in thy love,  
Than discontented Flower, thy aged father.

*Phil.* Mother, you have ; for when I well consider  
A mother's care unto her dear-bought child,  
How tenderly you nurs'd and brought me up,  
I could not be so much unnatural,  
As to refuse the love you proffer me,  
Especially being for my chiefest good.  
Therefore when married I intend to be,  
My loyal husband shall be Anthony.

*Mrs. F.* Live ever, then, my dear, dear daughter Phillis !  
Let me embrace thee in a mother's arms.  
Thus, thus, and thus, I'll ever hug my daughter.  
Him hence thou send'st with frowns : me hence with  
laughter.

Come, Phillis, let us in ! *[Exit.]*

*Phil.* Forsooth, I'll follow you.  
Am not I a good child, think you ?  
To play with both hands thus against my parents ?  
Well, 'tis but a trick of youth. Say what they will,  
I'll love the Cripple, and will hate them still. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The Exchange. Before the CRIPPLE's shop. Enter CRIPPLE,  
and to him FRANK.*

*Frank.* Mirrour of kindness, extremity's best friend ;  
While I breathe, sweet blood, I am thine.  
Intreat me, nay, command thy Francis' heart,  
[Thou] that wilt not suffer my ensuing smart.

*Crip.* Sweet signior, my advice in the reservation of those  
letters,  
Which I will have you hide from eye of day,  
Never to feel the warmth of Phœbus' beams,  
Till my self's care, most careful of your weal,  
Summon those lines unto the bar of joy.

*Frank.* I will not err, dear friend, in this command.

*Crip.* So much for that : now listen further, Frank.  
Not yet two hours' expiration  
Have taken final end, since Beauty's pride  
And Nature's better part of workmanship,  
Beauteous Phillis, was with me consorted,  
Where she, 'mongst other pleasing conference,  
Burst into terms of sweet affection,  
And said, ere long she would converse with me  
In private at my shop ; whose wounded soul,  
Struck with Love's golden arrow, lives in dread,  
Till she do hear the sentence of my love,  
Or be condemn'd by judgment of fell hate.  
Now, since that gracious opportunity  
Thus smiles on me, I will resign the same  
To you, my friend, knowing my unworthy self  
Too foul for such a beauty, and too base  
To match in brightness with that sacred comet,  
That shines, like Phœbus, in London's element,  
From whence inferior stars derive their light :

Wherefore I will, immediately you take  
My crooked habit ; and in that disguise  
Court her, yea, win her, for she will be won :  
This will I do to pleasure you, my friend.

*Frank.* For which my love to thee shall never end.

*Crip.* About it then ! Assume this shape of mine,  
Take what I have ; for all I have is thine.

[*Dresses FRANK in his habit.*

Supply my place, to gain thy heart's desire,  
So may you quench two hearts that burn like fire.  
She's kind to me ; be she as kind to you,  
What admiration will there then ensue !  
Frank, I will leave thee ; now be thou fortunate ;  
That we with joy your loves may consummate.  
Farewell, farewell ! when I return again  
I hope to find thee in a pleasing vein.

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* Farewell, dear friend !

Was ever known a finer policy ?  
Now, brothers, have amongst you for a third part,  
Nay, for the whole ; or, by my soul, I'll lose all !  
What, tho' my father did bequeath his lands  
To you, my elder brethren, the moveables, I sue for,  
Were none of his ; and you shall run thro' fire  
Before you touch one part of my desire.  
Am I not like myself in this disguise ?  
Crooked in shape, and crooked in my thoughts !  
Then am I a Cripple right. Come, wench, away !  
Thy absence breeds a terror to my stay.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

Yonder she comes. Now frame thy hands to draw ;  
A worser workman never any saw.

[*Sits in the CRIPPLE'S shop, working.*

*Phil.* Yea, yonder sits the wonder of mine eye !  
I have not been the first whom Destiny

Hath thwarted thus : imperious Love !  
Either withdraw the shaft that wounds my heart,  
Or grant me patience to endure my smart !  
Remorseless Love ! had any but thyself  
Been privy to my direful passion,  
How I consume and waste myself in love,  
They would have been, yea, much more pitiful.  
But all avails not. Demanding for my work  
Shall be a means to have some conference.  
Good morrow to you ! is my handkercher done ?

*Frank.* Yes, mistress Flower, it is finished.

*Phil.* How sweetly tunes the accent of his voice !  
Oh, do not blame me, dearest Love alive !  
Tho' I thus doat in my affection.  
I toil, I labour, and I fain would thrive,  
And thrive I may, if thou would'st give direction.  
Thou art the star whereby my course is led ;  
Be gracious, then, bright Sun, or I am dead !

*Frank.* Fair mistress Phillis, such wanton toys as these  
Are for young novices that will soon be pleas'd.  
The careful thoughts that hammer in my brain  
Bid me abandon wanton Love. 'Tis vain.

*Phil.* For me it is.

*Frank.* Is my ungarnish'd, dark, and obscure cell  
A mansion fit for all-commanding Love ?  
No ! if thou wilt sport with Love,  
And dally with that wanton am'rous boy,  
Hie thee unto the odoriferous groves.

*Phil.* There is no grove more pleasant unto me,  
Than to be still in thy society.

*Frank.* There, of the choicest fragrant flow'rs that grow,  
Thou may'st devise sweet roseat coronets,  
And with the nymphs that haunt the silver streams  
Learn to entice the affable young Wag ;  
There shalt thou find him wand'ring up and down,



Till some fair Saint impale him with a crown.  
Be gone, I say, and do not trouble me ;  
For, to be short, I cannot fancy thee.

*Phil.* For, to be short, you cannot fancy me !  
O, cruel word, more hateful than pale Death !  
Oh, would to God, it would conclude my breath !

*Frank.* Forbear, forbear ! admit that I should yield,  
Think you, your father would applaud your choice ?

*Phil.* Doubt not thereof. Or, if he do not, all's one,  
So you but grant to my affection.

*Frank.* I am too base.

*Phil.* My wealth shall raise thee up.

*Frank.* I am deform'd.

*Phil.* Tut, I will bear with that.

*Frank.* Your friends' dislike brings all this out of frame.

*Phil.* By humble suit, I will redress the same.

*Frank.* Now to employ the virtue of my shape.

Fair mistress !

If heretofore I have remorseless been,  
And not esteem'd your undeserv'd love,  
Whereby, in the glass of your affection,  
I see my great unkindness, forgive what's past ;  
And here I proffer all the humble service  
Your high-priz'd love doth merit at my hands,  
Which I confess is more than I (unable)  
Can gratify ; therefore command my toil,  
My travail, yea, my life, to pleasure you.

*Phil.* I take thee at thy word, proud of thy service.  
But yet no servant shalt thou be of mine :  
I will serve thee. Command, and I'll obey.  
This doth my soul more good, yea, ten times more,  
Than did thy harsh denial harm before.  
Let us embrace like two united friends.  
Here love begins, and former hatred ends !

*Enter FERDINAND and ANTHONY.*

*Ferd.* Brother Anthony ! what news from Venice ?  
Are your ships return'd ? (*aside*) I had rather  
Hear news from Phillis. Oh ! brother Frank,  
Thy absence makes me burn in passion.

*Anth.* Sir, I had letters from my factors there,  
Some three days since ; (*aside*) but the return of one,  
Of one poor letter, yet not answered,  
Makes me stark mad. A plague upon that porter !  
Damn'd may be he for thus deluding me !

[*FERD. sees PHILLIS, and turns back.*

How now, brother ! why retire you so ?

*Ferd.* Yonder's a friend of mine acquaintance,  
With whom I'd gladly have some conference ;  
I pray thee stay, I will return immediately.

[*Goes to PHILLIS and courts her.*

*Anth.* Of your acquaintance ! is she so, good brother ?  
Only with you acquainted, and no other ?  
Faith, I'll try that. Take heed, sir, what you do.  
If you begin to court, I needs must woo.

[*Goes to her too.*

Brother, have you done ?

*Ferd.* But two words more at most.  
(*To PHILLIS*) You have not then receiv'd any such letter ?  
A vengeance take the lazy messenger !  
(*aside*). Brother, if I live, I'll quittance thee for this.

*Frank. (aside).* Good words, dear brother : threaten'd men  
live long.

*Anth.* You have done.

*Ferd.* Yes.

*Anth.* Then, by your leave, brother.  
You had one word ; I must have another.

[*Talks apart to PHILLIS.*

*Ferd.* I know our bus'ness tends to one effect.

O that villain Frank ! it mads my soul,  
I am so wrong'd by such a foolish boy.

*Frank. (aside).* That foolish boy may chance prove to be  
witty.

What, and the elder brothers fools ? Oh, 'tis pity !

*Anth.* That villain porter hath deluded me.

Confusion guerdon his base villainy !

*Frank. (aside).* What ! are you cursing too ? then we catch  
no fish !

Comes there any more ? here's two knights to a dish.

*Ferd.* Well, since I have such opportunity,  
I'll trust no longer to uncertainty.

[*Courts her again, apart.*]

*Anth.* At it so hard, brother ? well, woo apace.

A while I am content to give you place.

*Frank.* Well, to her both ! both do the best you can ;  
I fear young Frank will prove the happier man.

*Phil.* You have your answer. Trouble me no more.

*Ferd.* Yet this is worse than my suspense before ;  
For then I liv'd in hope. Now hope is fled.

*Anth.* What, mal-content ? is Ferdinand struck dead ?  
Fortune be blithe, and aid the second brother !

[*Talks to her apart.*]

*Frank.* Think you to have more favour than another ?  
To her, a God's name ! live not in suspense.

While you two strive, I needs must get the wench.

*Phil.* I am resolv'd ; and, sir, you know my mind.

*Frank.* What, you repuls'd too ? Phillis is too unkind.

*Phil.* Here sits my love, within whose lovely breast  
Lives my content, and all my pleasures rest.

And for a further confirmation,

Which to approve, even in sight of both you here present,

I give my hand, and with my hand my heart,

Myself and all to him ; and with this ring

I'll wed myself.

*Frank.* I take thy offering.  
And for the gift you gave to me take this. [*Gives a ring.*  
And let us seal affection with a kiss.

*Ferd.* Oh, sight intolerable !

*Anth.* A spectacle worse than death !

*Frank.* Now, gentlemen, please you draw near, and listen to the Cripple.

[*Gives them their letters, and they stamp and storm.*  
Know you that letter? Sir, what say you to this?

*Both.* How came they to your hands?

*Frank.* Sirs, a porter even of late left them with me,  
To be deliver'd to this gentlewoman.

*Anth.* A plague upon this porter ! If e'er I meet him,  
My rapier's point with a death's wound shall greet him.

[*Exit.*

*Ferd.* Frank, thou art a villain, thou shalt know't ere long,  
For proff'ring me such undeserv'd wrong. [*Exit.*

*Frank.* So ! vomit forth the rheum of all your spite.  
These threats of your's procure me more delight.

*Phil.* Now, gentle love, all that I have to say  
Is to entreat you seek without delay  
My father's kind consent, for thou hast mine,  
And, tho' he storm, yet will I still be thine.  
Make trial then ; 'tis but thy labour lost  
Tho' he deny thee. It requires no cost.

*Frank.* I will assail with expedition.

*Phil.* God and good fortune go with thee ! Farewell !

[*Exit.*

*Frank.* Well, I will go, but not in this disguise.  
Arm thee with policy, Frank. Frank must be wise !  
Now, would the substance of this borrow'd shape  
Were here in presence ! and see where he comes !

*Enter the CRIPPLE.*

Poor in the well-fram'd limbs of Nature, but

Rich in kindness beyond comparison !  
 Welcome, dear friend ! the kindest soul alive !  
 Here I resign thy habit back again,  
 Whereby I prove the happiest man that breathes.

*Crip.* Hast thou then, sweet blood, been fortunate ?

*Frank.* Hark ! I will tell thee all. [*Talk apart.*]

*Enter* BOWDLER, MOLL BERRY, and RALPH. BOWDLER  
*capers and sings.*

*Ralph.* Faith, sir, methinks of late you're very light.

*Bow.* As a feather, sweet rogue, as a feather.

Have I not good cause ? Sweet Moll ! sweet Moll !

Hath she not caus'd the same ? well, if I live, sweet wench !

Either by night or day, I will requite your kindness.

*Frank.* Now, I will take my leave, to put the same in  
 practice. [*Exit.*]

*Crip.* Good fortune wait on thee !

*Bow.* Moll, thou art mine, by thine own consent.

How say'st thou, Moll ?

*Moll.* Yes, forsooth.

*Ralph.* I am witness, sir.

*Bow.* But that is not sufficient, Moll. If thou art content,  
 Moll, here's a rogue hard by, a friend of mine, whom I will  
 acquaint with our loves, and he shall be partaker of the match.

*Ralph.* Nay, sir, if you mean to have partners in the match,  
 I hope Ralph can help to serve your wife's turn as well as  
 another, what e'er he be. How say you, mistress ?

*Moll.* All's one to me, whom he pleases.

*Bow.* Come then, sweet Moll ; we'll to the Drawer,  
 There to despatch what I further intend.

*Moll.* And well remember'd, husband.

*Ralph.* A forward maiden by this light ! "husband," before  
 the clerk hath said Amen !

*Moll.* He hath work of mine ; I pray forget it not.

*Bow.* I will not, Moll. Now, you lame rogue ; where is this

maiden's work! my wife's work, you rascal! quick, give it her.

*Crip.* Sweet signior! the sweet nymph's work is almost finished; but, sweet blood! you drive me into admiration with your latter words. Your sweet wife's work. I admire it.

*Bow.* Ay, ye halting rascal! my wife's work. She's my wife before God and Ralph. How say'st thou, Moll, art thou not?

*Moll.* Yes, forsooth; and to confirm the same, Here, in this presence, I plight my faith again. And speak again what erst before was said, That none but you shall have my maidenhead.

*Bow.* A good wench, Moll! I'faith, now will I to thy father for his good will. Cripple, see you remember what is past; for I will call thee in question for a witness, if need require. Farewell, cur! farewell, dog!

[*Exeunt BOWDLER and RALPH.*]

*Crip.* Adieu, fond humourist! parenthesis of jests! Whose humour like a needless cypher fills a room! But now, Moll Berry! a word or two with you. Hast thou forgotten Bernard? thy thoughts were bent on him.

*Moll.* On him, Cripple! for what? was it for marriage?

*Crip.* It was for love; why not for marriage? O monstrous! Were I a maid, and should be so bewitch'd, I'd pull my eyes out that did lend me light, Exclaim against my fortune, ban my stars, And tear my heart, so yielding her consent To Bowdler's love, that froth of compliment!

*Moll.* Cripple, you lose your time, with your fair tears To circumvent my heart. Bowdler, I love thee; Bernard I hate; and thou shalt never move me.

*Crip.* I will. Thou dost love Bernard, and I can prove it.

*Moll.* That I love Bernard. By heavens! I abhor him.

*Crip.* Thou lov'st him. Once again I say, thou lov'st him; For all thou hast borne Bowdler still in hand.

*Moll.* What, wilt thou make me mad? I say, I hate him.

*Crip.* I say thou lov'st him. Have I not been at home,  
And heard thee in thy chamber praise his person,  
And say he is a proper little man,  
And pray that he would be a suitor to thee?  
Have I not seen thee, in the bay window,  
To sit cross-arm'd, take counsel of thy glass,  
And prune thyself to please young Bernard's eye?  
Sometimes curling thy hair, then practising smiles,  
Sometimes rubbing thy filthy butter-teeth,  
Then pull the hairs from off thy beetle-brows,  
Painting the veins upon thy breasts with blue;  
An hundred other tricks I saw thee use,  
And all for Bernard.

*Moll.* For Bernard? 'Twas for Bowdler.

*Crip.* I say for Bernard.  
Nay more, thou know'st I lay one night at home,  
And in thy sleep, I heard thee call on Bernard  
Twenty times over.

*Moll.* Will you be sworn I did?

*Crip.* Ay, I will swear it.  
And art thou not asham'd thus to be chang'd,  
To leave the love of a kind gentleman,  
To doat on Bowdler? Fie, fie, reclaim thyself!  
Embrace thy Bernard; take him for thy husband,  
And save his credit, who is else undone  
By thy hard father's hateful cruelty.

*Moll.* Cripple, if thou canst prove that ever I  
Did fancy Bernard, I will love him still.

*Crip.* Why, I'll be sworn thou didst.

*Moll.* And that I doated on him in my sleep?

*Crip.* I will be sworn I could not sleep all night  
In the next room, thou didst so rave on him.

*Moll.* I cannot tell; I may well be deceiv'd.  
I think I might affect him in my sleep;

And yet not know it. Let me look on him.  
 I'faith he is a pretty handsome fellow.  
 'Tis pity he should waste himself in prison.  
 Hey, ho !

*Crip.* What's the matter, wench ?

*Moll.* Cripple, I will love him.

*Crip.* Wilt thou, i'faith ?

*Moll.* I'faith I will.

*Enter two Serjeants at Mace.*

*Crip.* Give me thy hand. A bargain ! 'tis enough.

*Moll.* But how shall he know I love him ?

*Crip.* Why thus. I will entreat the serjeants  
 To go with him along unto thy father ;  
 And by the way I'll send young Bowdler from us,  
 And then acquaint my Bernard with thy love :  
 He shall accept it and avouch the same  
 Unto thy father. Wench, do thou the like,  
 And then I hope his bonds are cancelléd.

*Bern.* Cripple, shall we have your company ?

*Crip.* My friends, hold here. There's money for your pains.  
 Walk with your prisoner but to Master Berry ;  
 And ye shall either find sufficient bail,  
 Or else discharge the debt ; or, I assure you,  
 We'll be your aid to guard him safe to prison.

1. *Serj.* Well, we are willing, sir : we are content  
 To show the gentleman any kind of favour.

*Crip.* Along, then ! hark, Master Bowdler ! [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Master FLOWER's House. Enter FLOWER, Mrs. FLOWER,  
 Master BERRY, and FIDDLE.*

*Flow.* Welcome, good Master Berry ! is your stomach up,  
 sir ? It is a good conceit, i'faith.



*Fid.* It is indeed, sir.

*Flow.* What, Fiddle?

*Fid.* If his stomach be up, to go to dinner.

*Flow.* Fiddle, bid Master Berry welcome.

*Fid.* What else, master? with the best belly in my heart, the sweetest strain in my music, and the worst entertainment that may be, Fiddle bids you worship *Adesdum*.

*Ber.* Thanks, Fiddle; and, Master Flower, I am much beholden to your courtesy.

*Mrs. F.* Fiddle, I wonder that he stays so long. Thou told'st me Anthony would follow thee.

*Fid.* Ay; and he'll be here, I warrant you.

*Flow.* I'll tell you, sir. It is a rare conceit. My wife would have her marry Anthony, The younger brother, but against her mind, I will contract her unto Ferdinand; And I have sent for you and other friends To witness it; and 'tis a good conceit.

*Mrs. F.* Fiddle, are all things order'd well within?

*Fid.* All's well, all's well; but there wants some saffron to colour the custards withal.

*Mrs. F.* Here, take my keys. Bid Susan take enough.

*Flow.* Fiddle, are all our guests come yet?

*Fid.* Ay, sir; and here comes one more than you looked for. [*Exit.*

*Enter FRANK.*

*Frank.* God save you, Master Flower. As much to you, Master Berry.

*Flow.* Welcome, Master Goulding: y'are very welcome, sir.

*Frank.* My brother Ferdinand commends him to you. And here's a letter to you from himself.

*Flow.* A letter, sir! It is a good conceit. I'll read it straight.

[FRANK gives another letter to Mrs. FLOWER.]

(reads.)

Master Flower,

I am beholding to you for your kindness, and your furtherance in my love-suit, but my mind is changed, and I will not marry your daughter. And so farewell !

This is no good conceit. What, Ferdinand, Delude old Flower ! make me deceive my friends ! Make my wife laugh, and triumph in her will ! What think you, Fiddle ?

*Fid.* Why, sir, I think it is no good conceit.

*Flow.* Thou say'st true, Fiddle ; 'tis a bad conceit.

But hear you, sir—(*Talks to FRANK apart.*)

*Mrs. F.* (*reads her letter.*)

I understand by Fiddle your forwardness in my suit to your daughter ; but, nevertheless, I am determined to draw back, and commit your daughter to her best fortunes, and yourself to God. Farewell !

Why, this is like my husband's bad conceit. Have you o'erreach'd me, Flower, you crafty fox ! This is your doing ; but for all your sleight, I'll cross you, if my purpose hit aright.

*Frank.* Tut, tell not me, sir ; for my credit and reputation is as it is ; and there's an end. If I shall have her, why so.

*Flow.* Sir, the conceit is doubtful ; give me leave But to consider of it by myself.

*Frank.* With all my heart.

*Mrs. F.* Master Goulding, a word, I pray, sir. You know my daughter Phillis, do you not ?

*Frank.* Mistress, I do.

*Mrs. F.* She is a star, I tell you.

*Frank.* She is no less, indeed.

*Mrs. F.* I tell you, sir, upon the sudden now,

There came an odd conceit into my head—

Are you a bachelor?

*Frank.* I am, indeed.

*Mrs. F.* And are you not promised?

*Frank.* Not yet, believe me.

*Flow.* Master Goulding!

*Mrs. F.* Well, do you hear, sir? if you will be pleas'd  
To wed my daughter, Phillis, you shall have her.

*Frank.* To wed your daughter! why, she loves me not.

*Mrs. F.* All's one for that: she will be rul'd by me.  
Disdain her not because I proffer her.  
I tell you, sir, merchants of great account  
Have sought her love, and gentlemen of worth  
Have humbly sued to me in that behalf.  
To say the truth, I promis'd her to one,  
But I am cross'd and thwarted by my husband,  
Who means to marry her unto another.  
Now, sir, to cry but quittance for his guile,  
I offer her to you. If you accept her,  
I'll make her dowry richer by a pair  
Of hundred pounds, than else it would have been.

*Frank.* Why, this is excellent! past all compare!  
Sued to to have her! Gentle Mistress Flower,  
Let me consider of it.

*Mrs. F.* Nay, nay; defer no time, if you will have her.  
I'll search my coffers for another hundred.

*Frank.* Say I should yield, your husband will withstand it.

*Mrs. F.* I'll have it closely done, without his knowledge.  
Is it a match?

*Frank.* Well, well, I am content.

*Mrs. F.* Why, then, old Flower, I'll cross your close intent.

*Flow.* It shall be so; and 'tis a good conceit.  
It shall be so, if but to cross my wife.  
Hark, Master Goulding, the conceit doth like me.  
You love my daughter; so methought you said.

You said, moreover, that she loves you well.

This love on both sides is a good conceit.

But are you sure, sir, that my daughter loves you?

*Frank.* For proof thereof, show her this ring.

*Flow.* A ring of her's! 'tis well.

*Frank.* Ay, but conceit me;

If I had woo'd her in my proper shape,

I do believe she never would have lik'd me.

Therefore, since I shall have her, give me leave

To come and court her in my borrow'd shape.

*Flow.* With all my heart; and 'tis a good conceit.

And here's my hand: son Goulding, thou shalt have her.

*Frank.* Then, father Flower, I rest upon your promise.

I'll leave you for a while, till I put on

My counterfeited shape, and then return.

[*Exit.*

*Flow.* Welcome, good son! 'Tis well; by this conceit

My wife shall be prevented of her will.

I would not, for the half of all my wealth,

My cross-word wife had compass'd her intent.

Now, wife!

*Mrs. F.* Now, husband!

*Flow.* You still maintain the suit for Anthony.

You'll have your will, and I must break my word.

*Mrs. F.* Jest on, old Flower. Be cross, and do thy worst.

Work the best means thou can'st, yet while I live,

I swear she never shall wed Ferdinand.

*Flow.* What, shall she not?

*Mrs. F.* No, that she shall not.

*Flow.* I say, she shall.

*Mrs. F.* I'faith, she shall not.

*Flow.* No!

*Mrs. F.* No.

*Flow.* Well, wife, I'm vex'd, and by God's precious—

*Ber.* O, sir, be patient! Gentle Mistress Flower,

Cross not your husband. Let him have his will.

*Mrs. F.* His will !

*Flow.* Hearest thou, wife ! be quiet ; thou knowest my humour. Thus to be crossed, it is no good conceit.

*Mrs. F.* A fig for your conceit ! (*aside*) yet for because I know I shall prevent him of the match  
That he intends, henceforth I will dissemble.

(*Aloud*). Well, Master Flower, because it shall be said,  
And for [that] kind Master Berry may report  
The humble loyalty I bear to you,  
Such as a wife should do unto her husband,  
I am content to yield to your desires ;  
Protesting, whiles I live, I never more  
Will speak that Anthony may marry her.

*Flow.* Wife, speak'st thou with thy heart ?

*Mrs. F.* Husband, I do.

*Flow.* Dost thou, indeed ?

*Mrs. F.* Indeed, forsooth, I do.

*Flow.* Then 'tis a good conceit. Ha ! ha !  
I see 'tis sometimes good to look aloft.  
Come hither, wife ! because thou art so humble,  
I'll tell thee all. I have receiv'd a letter  
From Ferdinand, wherein he sends me word  
He will not marry with my daughter Phillis ;  
And therefore I was full determinéd,  
To cross thy purpose, that his brother Frank  
Should marry her ; and so I still intend :  
What say'st thou, wife ? dost thou assent thereto !

*Mrs. F.* (*aside*). That Frank should marry her ! I have  
sworn he shall ;

And since this falls so right, I'll not disclose  
That I did mean so much ; but now I'll yield,  
That it may seem my true humility.

(*Aloud*). Husband ! because hereafter you may say,  
And think me loving, loyal, and submiss,  
I am content, Frank shall have my consent.

*Flow.* Why now thou shew'st thyself obedient,  
And thou dost please me with thy good conceit.

*Enter* BERNARD, MOLL, and two Serjeants.

*Bern.* By your leave, Master Flower !  
Berry ! I am arrested at your suit !

*Ber.* And I am glad of it, with all my heart.  
Hold, friends ! (*to the Officers*) there's somewhat more for you  
to drink.

Away with him to prison !

*Bern.* Stay, Master Berry ; I have brought you bail.

*Ber.* What bail ! where is your bail ? here's none I know  
Will be thy bail. Away with him to prison !

*Moll.* Yes, I, forsooth, father ! I'll be his bail,  
Body for body. Think you I'll stay at home,  
And see my husband carried to the jail ?

*Ber.* How, thy husband ?

*Moll.* My husband, I assure you.  
Father, these serjeants both can witness it.

1. *Ser.* We saw them both contracted man and wife,  
And therefore thought it fit to give you knowledge,  
Before we carried him unto the prison.

*Ber.* But I'll undo this contract. On my blessing,  
Daughter, come from him. He's a reprobate.

*Moll.* He is my husband.

*Ber.* But thou shalt not have him.

*Moll.* Faith, but I will. Bernard, speak for thyself.

*Bern.* Why, Master Berry, 'tis well known to you  
I am a gentleman, tho' by misfortune  
My ventures in the world have somewhat fail'd me.  
Say that my wealth disables my desert,  
The difference of our blood supplies that want.  
What tho' my lands be mortgag'd, if you please,  
The dowry you intend to give your daughter  
May well redeem them. You perhaps imagine

I will be wild, but I intend it not.  
 What shall I say ? if you will give consent,  
 As you redeem my lands, so I my time ill-spent  
 Mean to redeem with frugal industry.  
 I'll be your counsel's pupil, and submit  
 My follies to your will ; mine to *your* wit.

*Ber.* What think you, Master Flower ?

*Flow.* Faith, Master Berry,  
 Bernard speaks well, and with a good conceit.

*Ber.* Dost thou love him, Moll ?

*Moll.* Yes, sir, and here protest,  
 Of all in London I love Bernard best.

*Flow.* Then, Master Berry, follow my conceit.  
 Cancel his bond, and let him have your daughter.

*Ber.* Well, Bernard, since I see my daughter loves thee,  
 And for I hope thou wilt be kind and loving,  
 Regard thy state, and turn an honest man,  
 Here, take my daughter. I'll give thee in thy bond,  
 Redeem thy lands, and, if thou please me well,  
 Thou shalt not want ; all that I have is thine.

*Bern.* I am love-bound to her, to you in duty :  
 You conquer me with kindness, she with beauty.

1. *Ser.* Then, Master Berry, I think we may depart.

*Ber.* Ay, when you please. You see the matter ended ;  
 The debt's discharg'd, and I can ask no more.

1. *Ser.* Why then we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Serjeants.*]

*Flow.* Now, wife, if young Frank Goulding were come back,  
 To sum our wish, it were a good conceit.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

Why, how now, Phillis ! sad ? come, tell me, wench,  
 Art thou resolv'd yet for to have thy husband ?

*Phil.* A golden Goulding ! 'tis a good conceit !  
 That golden Goulding is but loathsome dross ;  
 Nor is it gold that I so much esteem.

Dust is the richest treasure that we have,  
 Nor is the beauty of the fairest one  
 Of higher price or value unto me,  
 Than is a lump of poor deformity.  
 Father, you know my mind, and what I said,  
 Which if you grant not, I will rest a maid.

*Enter FIDDLE.*

*Flow.* To die a maid ! that is no good conceit.

*Fid.* Master ! where's my master ? here's one would couple  
 a brace of words with you.

*Flow.* With me, sir ?

*Fid.* No, sir, with my young mistress.

*Flow.* What is he, knave ?

*Fid.* A crooked knave, sir. 'Tis the Cripple.

*Flow.* What would he have ? he hath no good conceit :  
 'Tis he that hath bewitch'd my daughter's heart.  
 He is a knave. Go send him packing hence.

*Phil.* As you respect the welfare of your child,  
 Dear father, let me speak with him.

*Flow.* Speak with him ? No, it is no good conceit.  
 I know he comes to run away with thee.

*Fid.* Run away with her ? well may she carry him ; but if  
 he run away with her, I'll never trust crutch more.

*Flow.* Thou saist true, Fiddle ; 'tis a good conceit.  
 Go call him in ! Frank Goulding, it is he, [*Exit FID.*  
 In the lame knave's disguise. A good conceit !

*Enter FRANK.*

Now, sir, what's the news with you ? you come to speak with  
 my daughter.

*Frank.* Yea, sir, about a little work I have of her's.

*Flow.* What work, you knave ? no, thou hast some conceit  
 to rob me of my daughter ; but away ! I like not that con-  
 ceit. Out of my doors !



*Phil.* Unhappy Phillis, and unfortunate !

*Frank.* Sir, I am content. I'll not move your patience.

*Phil.* Life of my living body ! if thou go,  
Tho' not alive, take me hence dead with wo.

[*Swoons.*

*Ber.* In troth, sir ; you are to blame.

*Flow.* What, is she dead ? it is no good conceit.  
Speak to me, Phillis ! O, unhappy time !  
Sweet girl ! dear daughter ! O, my only joy !  
Speak to thy father, wench, in some conceit !  
What ! not a word ?

*Ber.* Now may you see, what fell impatience  
Begets upon such tender plants as these !

*Mrs. F.* Now may we see the folly of old age,  
Govern'd by spleen and overweening rage !

*Flow.* Speak to me, daughter ;  
And thou shalt have, what not ? covet'st thou gold ?  
Thou shalt not want for crowns ; thou shalt have all.  
Oh, was my fury author of thy trance ?  
Did I deny thy love's access to thee ?  
Speak but one word, and thou shalt be his wife.  
By heaven, thou shalt !

*Phil.* I take you at your word : it is no pain  
To die for love, and then revive again.

*Ber.* Now, Master Flower, how like you this conceit ?  
Hath she not over-reach'd you ?

*Flow.* My word is past ; and yet, for all my rage,  
I rather chuse to fail in my conceit,  
And wed thee, Phillis, to thy own content.  
Here, take my daughter, Cripple ; love her well,  
Be kind to her ; and I'll be kind to thee.  
Thou art but poor : well, I will make thee rich :  
And so God bless you with a good conceit !

*Frank.* I thank you. When I leave to love my wife,  
Heav'n hasten death, and take away my life !

*Flow.* 'Tis well done, Frank ! I applaud thy wit,  
And now I know I fail not in conceit.

*Enter CRIPPLE, FERDINAND, ANTHONY, and BOWDLER.*

*Crip.* Gentlemen, sweet bloods, or brethren of familiarity !  
I would speak with Phillis : shall I have audience ?

*Phil.* Help me, dear father, O, help me, gentlemen !  
This is some spirit ! Drive him from my sight !

*Frank.* Were he the devil, thou shalt not budge a foot.

*Bow.* Zounds, two cripples ? two dogs, two curs ! 'tis wonderful !

*Frank.* Fear not, dear heart !

*Phil.* Hence, foul deformity !  
Nor thou nor he shall my companion be.  
If Cripples dead the living seem to haunt,  
I'll neither of either : therefore I say, avaunt !  
Help me, father !

*Frank.* Dear heart ! revoke these words.  
Here are no spirits, nor deformities.  
I am a counterfeit Cripple now no more,  
But young Frank Goulding, as I was before.  
Amaze not, love ! nor seem not discontent ;  
Nor thee nor him shall ever this repent.

*Ferd.* Master Flower, I come to claim your promise.

*Anth. (to Mrs. F.)* I come for your's ; your daughter I do mean.

*Flow.* My promise ? why, sir, you refus'd my promise,  
And sent me word so in your letter.

*Mrs. F.* And so did you to me ; and now 'tis past ;  
Your brother Frank hath both our free consents.

*Ferd.* Sir, sir, I wrote no letter.

*Anth.* By heaven, nor I.

*Frank.* But I did for you both ; I was your scribe,  
The whilst *you* went to see your house a-fire ;

And *you*, (as I remember), I did send,  
To see your sister drown'd at London Bridge.

*Ferd.* I'faith, good brother, have you o'er-reach'd us so ?

*Anth.* So cunningly, that none of us could know ?

*Ferd.* For all this cunning, I will break the match.

*Anth.* And so will I.

*Frank.* Why, brothers, she's mine by her father's gift.

*Ferd.* Brother, you lie ; you got her with a shift.

*Frank.* I was the first that lov'd her.

*Ferd.* That's not so. 'Twas I.

*Anth.* Catch that catch can. Then, brothers both, you lie.

*Flow.* Yea, but conceit me, gentlemen. What, do you mean to spoil my daughter ? you claim her, and I have given her your younger brother. This is no good conceit. Why, how now, Phillis ? still drooping ? cheer thee, my girl ! See, a company of gentlemen are at strife for thy love ! Look up ; and in this fair assembly, make thine own choice. Chuse where thou wilt, and use thine own conceit.

*Phil.* But will my father then applaud my choice ?

*Flow.* I will.

*Phil.* And will these worthy gentlemen be pleas'd,  
However my dislike or liking prove ?

*All.* We will.

*Phil.* I must confess you all have taken pains,  
And I can give but all for that pains taken ;  
And all my all is but a little love ;  
And of a little who can make division ?  
I would I knew what would content you all !

*Ferd.* Thy love.

*Anth.* Thy life and love.

*Frank.* Thy life, thy love, thyself, and all for me ;  
For if I want but one, I then want thee.

*Phil.* If then I give what either of you crave,  
Though not what you desire, will it suffice ?

*Ferd.* I wish but love.

*Phil.* And, as a friend, you have it.

*Anth.* I, life and love.

*Phil.* And, as your friend, I vow  
To love you whilst I live, as I do now.

*Frank.* I ask but all, for I deserve no more.

*Phil.* And thou shalt have thy wish. Take all my store,  
My love, my self.

*Frank.* By heav'n, I ask no more.  
Brothers, have done ! and, dad, to end all strife,  
Come, take her hand, and give her for my wife.

*Flow.* With all my heart, and 'tis a good conceit.

*Bow.* Gentlemen, patience is your fairest play.

*Ferd.* Impatience pulls me hence ; for this disdain,  
I am resolv'd never to love again. [Exit.

*Anth.* Stay, brother Ferdinand ; I'll follow thee.  
Farewell, all love ! 'tis full of treachery. [Exit..

*Bow.* By heavens, Frank, I do commend thy wit ;  
Come, Moll, shall thou and I ask blessing too, for company ?

*Moll.* You and I, sir ? alas ! we are not playfellows, though  
we be turtles. I am provided.

*Bow.* Provided ! why, am not I thy Menelaus !

*Moll.* Ay, sir, but this is my Paris. I am resolv'd ;  
And what I do is by authority.

*Bow.* Is it even so ? is Helen stol'n by Paris ?  
Then thus, in arms, will Menelaus mourn,  
Till Troy be sack'd, and Helena return. [Exit.

*Enter Master Wood and Officers.*

*Wood.* This is the man. Officers, attach him upon felony !

*Off.* Master Flower, I arrest you upon felony, and charge  
you to obey.

*Flow.* Arrest me upon felony ! at whose suit ?

*Wood.* Sir, at mine. Where had you that diamond on  
your finger ? It was stolen from me, and many other jewels, to  
the value of an hundred pound.

*Flow.* This is no good conceit. Hath Captain Racket  
Bandied old Flower to such an exigent?

I hope my credit somewhat will assist me.

Well, whither must I go?

*Wood.* Straight to the bench, where now the Judges are,  
To give you speedy trial.

*Flow.* Words here are little worth. Wife, friends, and all,  
Go with me to my trial. You shall see

A good conceit now brought to infamy. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

FINIS.



## NOTES.

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Page 3, line 7, Mall Berry.] In the days when this play was written, all words of one syllable, written with an *a*, had the broad pronunciation which we now give to those spelt with an *o*; a custom still retained in Scotland and the North of England. We of the South also preserve this pronunciation in this abbreviation of the name *Mary*; but, if I had not, in the following play, altered the orthography to *Moll*, the modern reader would have scarcely recognized the word.

Page 5, line 8, quothernicke.] From *cothurnus*, the buskin.

Page 5, line 10, pamping.] I have not met with this word elsewhere. Quære, *pimping*?

Page 7, line 23. Who recks the tree.] Both the editions of 1607 and 1637 read "who wreakes the tree."—See Dyce's Remarks on Collier's and Knight's Shakespeares, p. 163.

Page 13, line 7. Away, you want wit.] The edition 1607 has a hyphen between the two last words.

Page 19, line 1. I'll have one *venny* with her tongue.] "A sweet touch, a quick *venny* of wit; snip, snap, quick and home."—*Love's Labour's Lost*, act v., scene 1.—See Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. 1., p. 233. .

Page 19, line 20. Yonder *wad* of groans.] A *wad* is a bundle.

Page 22, line 9. The sign of the Maidenhead Inn.] Both the old copies read "the sign of the Maidenhead in, &c."

Page 22, line 10. What's her hair? faith, to Bandora wires, there's not the like simile.] A bandora was a guitar (Hawkins's History of

Music, iii., 345); and, however strange this similitude may now seem, ladies' hairs were often called *wires* by the poets of these times.

"Her hair not truss'd, but scatter'd on her brow,  
Surpassing Hybla's honey for the view,  
Or soften'd golden wires."

*Lodge, in England's Parnassus.*

"Come, sweet Muses, leave your singinge,  
Let your hands your hands be wringinge,  
Tear your haire of golden wyers,  
Sith you lost your whole desires."

*Halliwell's Miscel. temp., Jac. i.. p. 41.*

"I do not love thee for that fair  
Rich fan of thy most curious hair,  
Tho' the wires thereof be drawn  
Finer than the threads of lawn."

*Carew.*

The transition was easy from the universal poetical epithet *golden hairs* to golden wires; but in two contemporary plays, we find that not only metal wires were used in dressing ladies' hair, but that the ladies themselves were called *City-wires*.—See Gifford's Jonson, iii., 342, and Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, i., 233. In both these places, *city-wires* would make better sense; and I am convinced that in Mr. Dyce's quotation, *wires* is a mere error of the press for *wives*. I should have thought the same in Mr. Gifford's passage too, but that there, the word ought to rhyme to *Squires*.

Page 22, line 27. Shall I defy hatbands, &c.] Frank has given us this description of a lover's habits before. It consists in a general indifference to the ligatures of dress, and an exchange of the foppery of neck-ruffs for the plainness of falling bands, such as divines, lawyers, and charity-boys now wear. *Ruffian* is a poor pun. There is a good deal of humour in "Shoe-strings—so-and-so!" As if Frank had exhausted the eloquence of his passion.

"The hatband" (says Mr. Dilke<sup>1</sup>) "was a very distinguishing feature of the nobility and gentry of those times; on the adornment of which comparatively large sums were expended."

<sup>1</sup> Old Eng. Plays, vol. ii., p. 129.



"*Sir Fastidious Brisk*. He again lights me here—I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had—cuts my hatband, and yet it was massy goldsmith's work."—*Every Man out of his Humour*, act iv., scene 4.

Mr. Gifford has no note on this passage.

"*Laverdure*. Set my richest gloves, garters, hats, just in the way of their eyes."—*Marston's What you will*, act ii., scene 1.

"Garters and roses, fourscore pounds a pair."

*The Devil is an Ass*, act i., scene 1.

And see Cunningham's Rich's *Honestie of this Age*, page 66.

Page 23, line 5. The night hath play'd the swift-foot runaway.] This line and that in the *Merchant of Venice*,

"For the close night doth play the runaway,"

impress me with the conviction that, in the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Night is the Runaway, and the Stars are his Eyes, which Juliet hopes will wink on this occasion,

———"for night hath many eyes,

Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are spies:—"

*Jonson's Sejanus*.

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner  
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night!  
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil Night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, &c.  
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back.  
Come, gentle Night! come, loving, black-brow'd Night,  
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars," &c.

Still harping on the Runaway Night's eyes. In another passage, which

I cannot immediately refer to, Shakespeare also has attributed winking to the stars:

———"the stars do wink,  
As 'twere with over-watching."

And in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., scene ii., the stars are called the eyes of night. To cryptogamists the night is always short. On a preceding occasion, in the company of Romeo, Juliet had found the night a runaway. On the coming opportunity, the whole scene is full of her complaints of the swiftness of night.

The Rev. N. J. Halpin, in a most ingenious and poetical essay, in the second volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, has endeavoured to prove that Cupid is the Runaway here alluded to. But he has not shown (as he asserts) that Runaway was a common pet name for Cupid. He has only proved that Cupid is called so in two Masques, in both of which it was part of the plot that Cupid should be a runaway, which it was not necessary he should be in Juliet's mind, even if we admit to Mr. Halpin that she knew that Cupid was always poetically treated as an absentee at hymeneals. Would Shakespeare have left his meaning to the mercy of the explanation, which two passages from other dramatists might afford, neither of which was written when he produced *Romeo and Juliet*? If it had not been for the discovery of these two passages, where would have been the poet's meaning and the commentator's argument? Mr. Halpin says, that unless Cupid is the Runaway, the words "Or if Love be blind" have no relation to the matter. To this I reply, that love is here confounded with lovers: lovers can see by their own light; or if they are blind, no matter. Look at the rest of Juliet's speech. It all runs upon the coming of Night and Romeo. She is not thinking of the heathen mythology, or of epithalamies, which it is not probable a girl of thirteen, even in Shakespeare's days, can have assisted at or witnessed, as Mr. Halpin would make us believe. Her poetry is all the outpouring of her own young, luxuriant, and undisciplined fancy. Shakespeare employs such invocations as this, in other passages besides hymeneal ones, as, for instance, in *Macbeth*—

"Come, seeling Night!  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful Day!"

*Macbeth*, act iii., scene 2.

Mr. Halpin's speculations are altogether too refined.

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop,  
Than when we soar."

The Runaway is the night, and nothing more. In Hayward's *British Muse*, 1738, I find the passage quoted :—

"That *th'* runaway's eyes may wink."

The following elegant poem by Thomas Stanley, 1651, has much analogy with Juliet's speech :—

A DIALOGUE.

*Chariessa.*           What if Night  
Should betray us, and reveal  
To the light  
All the pleasures that we steal?  
*Philocharis.*       Fairest, we  
Safely may this fear despise;  
How can She  
See our actions who wants eyes?  
*Chariessa.*           Each dim star  
And the clearer lights, we know,  
Night's eyes are;  
They were blind that thought *her* so!  
*Chorus.*           Then whilst these black shades conceal us,  
We will scorn  
Th' envious Morn,  
And the Sun that would reveal us.  
Our flames shall thus their mutual light betray,  
And night, with these joys crown'd, outshine the day.

Page 23, line 11. Well, Crowd, what say you to Fiddle now?] It is well known that a Crowd is a Fiddle.

Page 24, line 6. The Star in Cheap.] The edition of 1637 has "Cheapside," which fixes the time when the place began to be called so.

Page 24, line 23, Sir Lawrence *Lyre* was my father.] Both the original editions have *Syro*, which must be a misprint.

Page 26, line 12. What, sirrah! didst thou lie in the Knight's ward, or on the Master's side? Neither, neither, i'faith. Where then, in the Hole?] Three different departments of a prison, in which debtors were confined, according to their ability to pay for their accommodations: all

three are described by Fennor in the *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617. So in *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, Dodsley, v. 43 — "I was inforced from the Mitre in Bread-street, to the Counter in the Poultry; for mine own part, if you shall think it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of gentry, to submit myself from the feather-bed in the master's side, or the flock-bed in the knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heels, instead of gilt spurs, the armour of patience, and do't."

Page 26, line 18. My crutch you mean, for wearing out my clothes.] You mean, stuff the top of my crutch, lest it should wear my clothes out.

Page 27, line 2. I'll board her, i'faith.] Mr. Gifford says "there are three different words, to *boord*, to *accost*, to *bourd*, to *jest*, and to *boud*, to pout, which old authors never confound, but which commentators perpetually do." This is too absolutely stated, but there is no doubt that to *boord* or *board* meant to *accost*, as Sir Toby well explains: "*accost* is front her, *boord* her, woo her, assail her." It is from the French *aborder*.

Page 28, line 10. That your shilling proved but a *harper*.] *Id est*, an Irish shilling, worth only ninepence. See Dyce's Webster, ii., 295.

Page 29, line 6. At a wedding in *Gracious Street*.] I have left this word as it is; for our modern corruption of what was at first *Grass-church street* (from the grass-market there) is no better than this; and the sound will always be the same.

Page 29, line 13.] Than are now cap'ring in that *bride-ale* house.] A *bride-ale* was a bridal-feast; a *church-ale* a church-feast. For the latter see Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, b. iv., c. 3., s. 30. In the same work, a *bride-ale* is erroneously called a *bridal*.

Page 30, line 30. Licentious prodigals, vile tavern-*tracers*.] The originals, here and elsewhere, have *vild*, which was the corrupted word of the times; but I see no reason for retaining it. I have not before met with an instance of "tavern-*tracers*."

Page 31, line 12. Thou shouldst have raised  
The forfeit of his bond.] This is the reading of the edition of 1637. That of 1607 has, with a colon—  
——thou should'st have railed :

The forfeit of his bond.

Page 32, line 6. Why then attend, you hills and dales, and stones so quick of hearing.] This sounds very like two lines of an old song.

Page 33, line 6. I should be now devising sentences  
And *caveats* for posterity, to carve  
Upon the inside of the Counter-wall.] *Sentences*  
are sententious maxims, and *caveats* are cautions to posterity against  
running into debt, or becoming surety; such as imprisoned debtors  
scribble on their walls.

Page 34, line 6. At length *impal'd* Love with a laurel-wreath.]  
And at page 69, line 1,

"Till some fair saint impale him with a crown."

And so 3 King Henry VI., iii., 2.—

"Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,

Be round impaléd with a glorious crown."

Page 36, line 9. "far off, and ne'er the near."] The proverb is  
*Early up, and never the nearer*; but in old plays it is generally printed,  
"ne'er the near," whether for verse or for prose. Our forefathers often  
slurred the letter *r*. They called it the dog's letter. "Ne'er the near"  
made a better jingle: for I have no doubt that both words were then pro-  
nounced exactly alike. See *King Richard II.*, act v., sc. 1., var. edd:—

"Better far off, than, near, be near the near[er]."

It was to avoid the *r* that *more* was called *mo*.

Page 37, line 15. Will I write down in bloody characters.] That  
is, in letters written with his own blood, as extravagant lovers used  
to do.

Page 40, line 6. Ask for a burthen.] An employment, a task.

Page 45, line 26. Marry, gip, minx!] *Marry* is a corruption of  
*Mary*; and *gip*, Mr. Nares thinks, of *go-up*; and he quotes 2 Kings,  
ii., 23. Our comedies still say, *Marry, come up!*

Page 48, line 9. Which to approve, follow me but in all.] Which to  
prove, follow me only in all things.

Page 50, line 10. In the next room, with a calves head and brim-  
stone.] "In the next *room*," means in the next *place*, or *seat*. A  
calves head and brimstone is a dish I am unacquainted with.

Page 50, line 18. And more by much more than the most of them.]  
This line sounds very like nonsense.

Page 50, line 27. Th' occurrences of this practice, as they grow.] The  
occurrences of this trick, as they arise.

Page 53, line 17. And the short and the long boy is, &c.] The word

*boy* is not printed as a vocative case, and if it be used so, it would seem to be a strange familiarity.

Page 53, line 28. I will intimate her mother.] This is a very unusual sense of the word *to intimate*; but it is countenanced by the following passage from the *Faerie Queene*, book vi., canto 3, stanza 12—

“So both conspiring gan to intimate  
Each other’s griefe with zeale affectionate.”

Page 57.] With the exception of

“Feed thou on me, and I will feed on thee,  
And Love shall feed us both,”

all these quotations are from Shakespeare’s exquisite young man’s poem, *Venus and Adonis*. They show how popular it was.

Page 58, line 18. I’ll bear the bucklers hence away.] *Clypeum abjicere* was the Roman phrase for to yield.

“A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so I pray thee call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.”—*Much Ado*, v. 2.

To bear them away is therefore to conquer.

“Play an honest part, and bear away the bucklers.”

BEN JONSON, *Case is alter’d*, ii., 4.

Mr. Gifford has no note on this passage.

Page 60, line 1. ’Tis most tolerable and not to be endured.] An obvious plagiarism from Shakespeare’s *Dogberry*. Fiddle “has two gowns and every thing handsome about him,” with many other points of resemblance to *Dogberry*. The edition of 1637 *corrects* this happy slip-slop to *intolerable*. This echo proves the long popularity of *Much ado about Nothing*, which was first published seven years before our play. “I am horribly in love with her,” Bowdler’s speech just before, is the same as Benedick’s in Shakespeare’s same comedy. Both were newly-converted lovers, from having been scorners of the fair sex.

Page 63, line 12. Rise.] Meaning “kneel no longer.” In these days, all children, on entering their parents’ presence, knelt down for their blessing.

Page 64, line 21. His virtue mends that miss.] *Miss* for *amiss*. So in *Venus and Adonis*, where Heywood had just been:

“He saith she is immodest, blames her ’*miss*;  
What follows more she murders with a kiss.”

Page 66, line 16. Two hours’ expiration have taken final end.] This

is something like *dear Roberts's* "forgery of a groundless fiction."—See Lord Byron's Works.

Page 71, line 10. Here's two Knights to a dish.] Both the original copies have *Snights*, an obvious misprint. But I have never met with this proverbial phrase before. Two knights on one horse we have heard of.

Page 74, line '35. For all thou hast borne Bowdler still in hand.]

"*Bore* many gentlemen, myself being one,  
*In hand*, with hope of action."

*Measure for Measure*, i., 5.

——"Whereat grieved  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely *borne in hand*."

*Hamlet*, ii., 2.

In Dr. Walter Pope's *Life of Bishop Seth Ward*, 1697, p. 104, is the following passage:—"My lord, I might *bear you in hand*, a western phrase, signifying to delay or keep in expectation, and feed you with promises, or at least hopes," &c.

Page 86, line 22. Nor thee nor him shall ever this repent.] I have not altered this line, since it may be grammatically construed "This shall never repent either thee or him."

Page 87, line 12, What, do you mean to *spoil* my daughter?] *Id est*, to make her the spoil of a fight.

Page 89, line 2. ——Hath Captain *Racket*

Bandied old Flower to such an exigent.] There is a quibble in the word *bandied*; and an *exigent* is an extremity.

"Why do you cross me, in this exigent?"

"These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent."

*J. Hen. VI.*, ii., 5.

THE END.

## ERRATA.

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Page 25, line 5, for "night" read "right."

Page 33, line 7, put the comma after *caveats*.

Page 59, line 2, for "bonos" read "buenas."

Page 66, line 8, for "in the reservation" read "is the reservation."

Page 68, line 14, for "Tho' I thus doat" read "Tho' thus I doat."

Page 69, line 20, for "undeserv'd love" read "undeservéd love."

Page 92, line 21, for "wires" read "wives."



# FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA;

A TRAGI-COMEDY,

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.

EDITED BY

BARRON FIELD, ESQ.

"Rowley had a finer genius than Massinger."

CHARLES LAMB.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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Although this play was "acted by the Queen's servants,"<sup>1</sup> it was not published till the year 1655, after the death of its authors, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, when plays could only be read, not acted. There is only that one edition, which is very badly printed, in quarto, with all the blank verse like prose, to save space. With the exception of the fourth scene of the third act, it is a very good drama, full of spirit and poetical justice. It would seem unnatural, now-a-days, that an eldest son, for marrying a young lady with no fortune, should by his father be not only disinherited, but made, together with his wife, domestic servants to the father and younger brothers; but in Shakespeare's days such patriarchal tyranny could be practised with no check from public opinion. The land

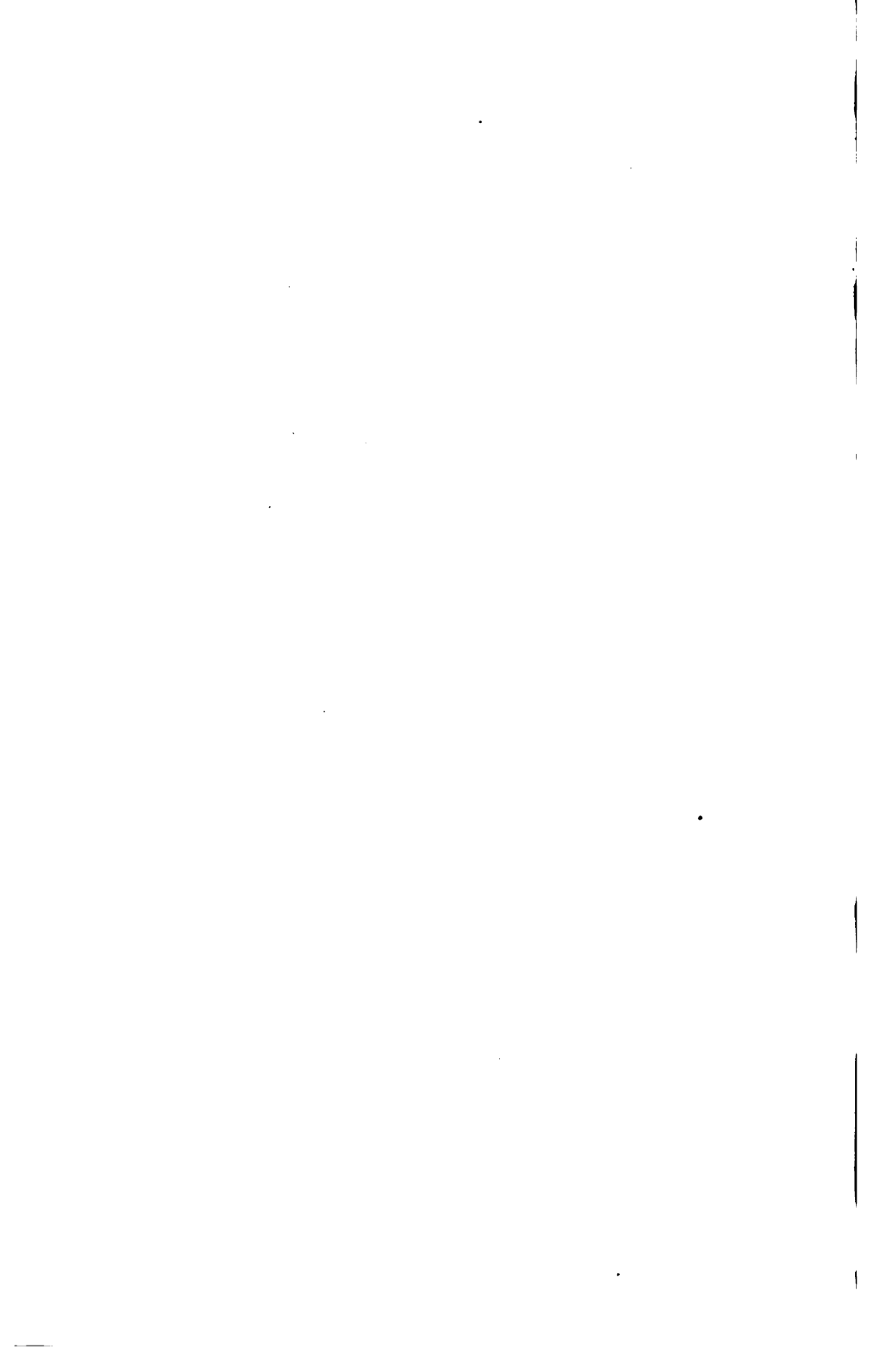
<sup>1</sup> This gives us no clue to the date of its production, for there was a company of players so called, both in King James's and King Charles's times. The proclamation which is introduced in this play, running in the Queen's name, and not the King's, the piece may have been sketched by Heywood in Elizabeth's time.

was almost the only property: that generally went by heirship; and younger brothers, under pretence of having the run of the house, were virtually servants to the heir, unless they had the spirit to go abroad, as soldiers or sailors, or the wit to enter into one of the learned professions.

Of William Rowley little is known, and that little has been confused. There were two Rowleys, both actors and authors, belonging to the Prince of Wales's company, afterwards King Charles I. Mr. Haslewood, in the *Censuria Literaria* (vol. ix. p. 49), pointed out that the enumeration by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, of "Maister Rowley," among "the best poets for comedy," related to Samuel, and not to William Rowley, as erroneously stated in the *Biographia Dramatica*. But so difficult is it to set right a confusion which once gets into these Dictionaries, that even the editor of the late reprint, for the Percy Society, of Rowley's "Search for Money" has partly fallen into the error. It is Samuel, and not William, whose name is mentioned so often in Henslowe's papers, by whom he was engaged as an actor before Queen Elizabeth's death. There is also a Thomas Rowley in the "Plot of Tamar Cam," found among Alleyn's papers; but he must have been a very inferior person, as he only plays a "Negar," with "the red-faced fellow," the last in the accompanying list of the actors. The earliest record of William Rowley I believe to be, as the head of the Duke of York's (as Charles then was) servants on the 9th of February, 1609 (1610), in Mr. Cunningham's Revels' Accounts, p. xlii. In 1613 we find him at the head

of the Prince's company, to which Samuel also belonged.

Langbaine says that "William Rowley was not only beloved by those great men, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Johnson, but likewise writ, with the former, *The Birth of Merlin*." This last fact is not now credited. The only evidence of it is, that the drama is attributed to Shakespeare and Rowley by its first publisher in 1662. This and Langbaine's testimony, in 1691, are not sufficient authority for treating our great poet as the author of any part of *The Birth of Merlin*, of which an analysis may be seen in Mr. Knight's Supplementary Volume.





# Fortune

by

## Land and Sea.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was Acted, with great Applause,

by the Queen's servants.

Written by

{ THO. HAYWOOD  
and  
WILLIAM ROWLY.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Sweeting*, at the *Angel*, in *Pope's-head Alley*, and *Robert Pollard*, at the *Ben Johnson's Head*, behind the *Exchange*.

1655.



## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

OLD FORREST.

FRANK FORREST, }  
YOUNG FORREST, } *his sons.*

OLD HARDING.

PHILIP, *his eldest son, married to SUSAN FORREST.*

WILLIAM, }  
JOHN, } *his younger sons.*

MASTER RAINSFORD, *a quarrelsome Gentleman.*

GOODWIN, }  
FOSTER, } *Friends to Rainsford.*

A MERCHANT, *brother to MRS. HARDING.*

PURSER, }  
CLINTON, } *Pirates.*

CLOWN.

PURSUIVANT.

HOST.

SAILORS.

HANGMAN.

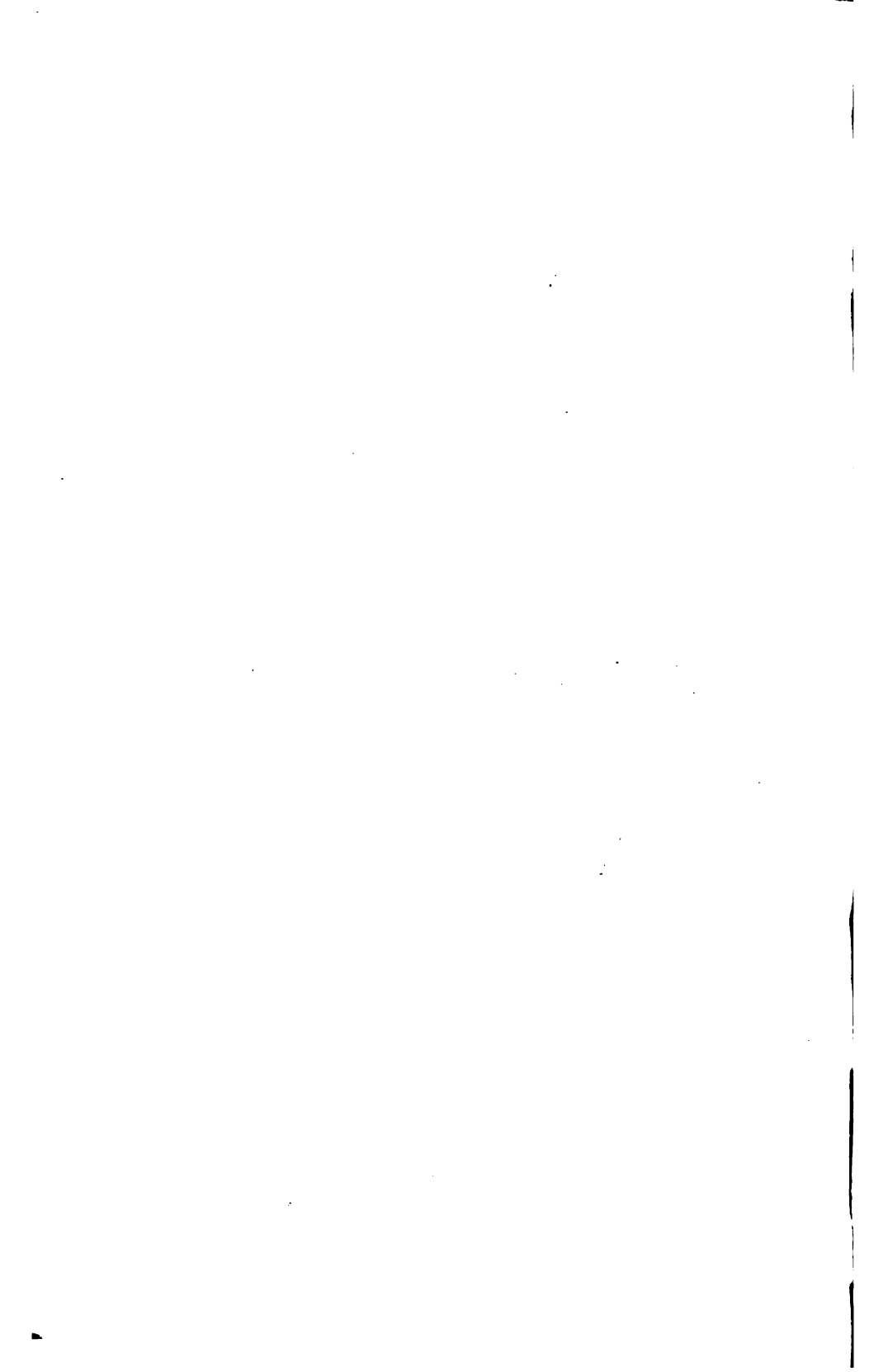
DRAWERS.

OFFICERS.

MRS. ANNE HARDING, *second wife to OLD HARDING.*

SUSAN, *daughter of old FORREST, wife of PHILIP  
HARDING.*

*The SCENE, London, [and on the Sea.]*



## FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA.

---

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Old FORREST'S House. Enter RAINSFORD, old FORREST, FRANK FORREST, SUSAN FORREST, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.*

*Rains.* I prithee, Frank, let's have thy company to supper.

*Frank.* With all my heart: if I can but give my father here the slip by six o'clock, I will not fail.

*Rains.* I'll talk with him. I prithee, old man, lend us thy son to-night. We'll borrow him but for some two hours, and send him home again to thee presently.

*Good.* Faith, do, Mr. Forrest; he cannot spend his time in better company.

*Old For.* Oh, gentlemen, this too much liberty  
Breeds many strange outrageous ills in youth,  
And fashions them to vice.

*Rains.* Nay, school us not, old man. Some of us are too old to learn; and being past whipping too, there's no hope of profiting. If we shall have him, say so. If not, I prithee keep him still, and God give thee good of him!

*Frank.* Nay, will you be gone? I'll be at the heels of you, as I live.

*Fos.* 'Tis enough. Nay, come; and if we shall go, let us go.

*Old For.* Nay, gentlemen, do not mistake me, pray.  
I love my son, but do not doat on him;

Nor is he such a darling in my eye,  
 That I am loath to have him from my sight.  
 Yet let me tell you, had you, gentlemen,  
 Call'd him to any fairer exercise,  
 As practise of known weapons, or to back  
 Some gallant gennet ; had it been to dance,  
 Leap in the fields, to wrestle, or to try  
 Masteries in any noble quality,  
 I could have spared him to you half his age ;  
 But call him out to drinking, of all skill,  
 I hold that much-us'd practise the most ill.

*Frank.* I told him you would still be urging him, and see  
 what comes on't ? *I præ, sequar.*

*Rains.* Sir, what we do's in love, and let you know,  
 We do not need his purse nor his acquaintance,  
 Nor, if you should mistake, can we be sorry,  
 Nor wound to ask your pardon. Fare ye well !  
 Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt RAINSFORD, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.*]

*Frank.* Will you be gone ? I'll come.

*Old For.* Oh, son ! that thou wilt follow rioting,  
 Surfeit by drinking and unseason'd hours !  
 These gentlemen perhaps may do't ; they're rich,  
 Well-landed, and their fathers purchase daily,  
 Where I, Heav'n knows, the world still frowning on me,  
 Am forc'd to sell and mortgage to keep you.  
 His brother ranks himself with the best gallants  
 That flourish in the kingdom : though not able  
 To spend with them, yet, for his virtuous parts,  
 He is borne out, his person woo'd and sought,  
 And they more bound to him for his discourse,  
 Than he to them for their expense and cost.  
 Thy course is otherwise ; will drinking healths,  
 Cups of mull'd sack, and glasses elbow deep,  
 Drunk in thy youth, maintain thee in thine age ?

No, 'twill not hold out, boy.

*Frank.* My company hath not been to your purse so chargeable. I do not spend so much.

*Old For.* Thou spend'st thy time,  
More pretious than thy coin, consum'st thy hopes,  
Thy fortunes, and thy after-expectations,  
In drowning surfeits. Tell me, canst thou call  
That thrift, to be in all these prodigal?  
Use thy discretion; somewhat I divine;  
Mine is the care, the loss or profit thine. [Exit.

*Susan.* Brother, be ruled. My father grieves to see you given to these boundless riots. Will you follow?

*Frank.* Lead you the way, I'll after you.

*Susan.* 'Tis well; he'll look for you within.

*Frank.* When? Can you tell?

[Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE II.

*A Tavern. Enter RAINSFORD, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.*

*Rains.* Boy, my cloak.

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Good.* Our cloaks, sirrah!

*Fos.* Why, drawer!

*Draw.* Here, sir.

*Rains.* Some canary sack, and tobacco.

*Draw.* You shall, sir. Wilt please you stay supper?

*Rains.* Yes, marry, will we, sir: let's have the best cheer the kitchen yields. The pipe, sirrah!

*Draw.* Here, sir.

*Rains.* Will Frank be here at supper?

*Good.* So, sir, he promised, and presumes he will not fail his hour.

*Rains.* Some sack, boy! I am all lead within. There's no

mirth in me ; nor was I wont to be so lumpish sad. Reach me the glass. What's this ?

*Draw.* Good sherry sack, sir.

*Rains.* I meant canary, sir. What? hast no brains?

(*strikes him.*)

*Draw.* Pox o' your brains ! Are your fingers so light ?

*Rains.* Say, sir ?

*Draw.* You shall have canary presently.

*Good.* When was he wont to be in this sad strain ?

Excepting some few sudden melancholies, there lives not one more free and sociable.

*Fos.* I am too well acquainted with his humour, to stir his blood in the least distemperature. Coz, I'll be with you here.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Rains.* Do, come to me. Have you hit upon the right canary now? or could your hog's head find a Spanish butt? A health !

*Good.* Were it my height, I'll pledge it.

*Fos.* How do you now, man ?

*Rains.* Well, well, exceeding well ; my melancholy sadness steals away, and, by degrees, shrinks from my troubled heart. Come, let's be merry. More tobacco, boy ; and bring in supper.

*Enter FRANK.*

*Fos.* Welcome ! welcome ! Wilt thou be here, old lad ?

*Good.* Or here ?

*Frank.* Wherefore hath Nature lent me two hands, but to use them both at once ? My cloak ! I am for you here and here.

*Fos.* Bid them make haste of supper. Some discourse, to pass away the time.

*Rains.* Now, Frank, how stole you from your father's arms ? You have been schooled, no doubt : fie, fie upon't. Ere I would live in such base servitude



To an old gray beard, 'sfoot, I'd hang myself.  
A man cannot be merry and drink drunk,  
But he must be controll'd by gravity.

*Flor.* O pardon him ! you know he is my father,  
And what he doth is but paternal love.  
Tho' I be wild, I am not so past reason,  
His person to despise, though I his counsel  
Cannot severely follow.

*Rains.* 'Sfoot, he's a fool.

*Frank.* A fool ! y're a—

*Fost.* Nay, gentlemen.

*Frank.* Yet I restrain my tongue,  
Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,  
And no delib'rate malice ; and it may be  
You are sorry that a word so unreverent,  
To wrong so good an aged gentleman,  
Should pass you unawares.

*Rains.* Sorry, sir boy ! You will not take exceptions ?

*Frank.* Not against you with willingness, whom I have  
loved so long. Yet you might think me a most duteless and  
ungracious son, to give smooth countenance unto my father's  
wrong. Come, I dare swear 'twas not your malice ; and I  
take it so. Let's frame some other talk. Hear, gentlemen—

*Rains.* But hear me, boy : it seems, sir, you are angry.

*Frank.* Not thoroughly yet.

*Rains.* Then what would anger thee ?

*Frank.* Nothing from you.

*Rains.* Of all things under heaven,  
What would'st thou loathest have me do ?

*Frank.* I would  
Not have you wrong my reverend father, and  
I hope you will not.

*Rains.* Thy father's an old dotard.

*Frank.* I could not brook this at a monarch's hands ;  
Much less at thine.

*Rains.* Ay, boy ! then take you that.

[*Flings wine in his face.*

*Frank.* I was not born to brook this.

[*They fight.*

Oh ! I am slain. (*Dies.*)

*Good.* Sweet coz, what have you done ! Shift for yourself.

*Rains.* Away !

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

1. *Draw.* Stay the gentlemen : they have killed a man. Oh, sweet Mr. Francis ! One run to his father's.

2. *Draw.* Had not we drawers enough in the house, but they must needs draw too ?

1. *Draw.* They have drawn blood of this gentleman, that I have drawn many a quart of wine to. Oh, sweet Mr. Francis ! Hark, hark ! I hear his father's voice below. Ten to one he is come to fetch him home to supper : and now he may carry him home to his grave. See, here he comes.

*Enter the Host, Old FOREST, and SUSAN.*

*Host.* You must take comfort, sir.

*Old For.* Would Heaven I could ; or that I might beg patience.

*Sus.* Oh, my brother !

*Old For.* Is he dead, is he dead, girl ?

*Sus.* Oh, dead sir : Frank is dead.

*Old For.* Alas, alas ! my boy ! I have not the heart  
To look upon his wide and gaping wounds.  
Hide them, oh, hide them from me, lest those mouths  
Through which his life past through do swallow mine.  
Pray tell me, sir, doth this appear to you  
Fearful and pitiful, to you that are  
A stranger to my dead boy ?

*Host.* How can it otherwise ?

*Old For.* Oh, me, most wretched of all wretched men !  
If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds

Appear so grisly and so lamentable,  
How will they seem to me, who am his father ?  
Will they not hale my eyeballs from their rounds,  
And with an everlasting blindness strike them ?

*Sus.* Oh, sir, look here !

*Old For.* Dost long to have me blind ?  
Then I'll behold them, since I know thy mind.  
Oh, me, is this my son that doth so senseless lie,  
And swims in blood ? my soul with his shall fly  
Unto the land of rest. Behold I crave,  
Being kill'd with grief, we both may have one grave.

*Sus.* Alas, my father's dead too ! Gentle sir,  
Help to retire his spirits, overtravelled  
With age and sorrow.

*Host.* Mr. Forrest !

*Sus.* Father !

*Old For.* What says my girl ? good morrow ! what's  
o'clock ?

That you are up so early ? Call up Frank.  
Tell him he lies too long abed this morning.  
'Was wont to call the sun up and to raise  
The early lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds.  
Will he not up ? rise, rise, thou sluggish boy !

*Sus.* Alas ! he cannot, father.

*Old For.* Cannot ! why ?

*Sus.* Do you not see his bloodless colour fail ?

*Old For.* Perhaps he's sickly, that he looks so pale ?

*Sus.* Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep ?

How still he lies !

*Old For.* Then is he fast asleep.

*Sus.* Do you not see his fatal eyelid close ?

*Old For.* Speak softly. Hinder not his soft repose.

*Sus.* Oh, see you not these purple conduits run ?  
Know you these wounds ?

*Old For.* Oh, me ! my murder'd son !

*Enter young FORREST.*

*Young For.* Sister !

*Sus.* Oh, brother, brother !

*Young For.* Father, how cheer you, sir ? why, you were wont to store for others' comfort, that by sorrow were any way distrest. Have you all wasted, and spared none to yourself ?

*Old For.* Oh, son, son, son ! see, alas ! see where thy brother lies. He dined with me to-day, was merry. Merry, ay, that corpse was, he that lies here. See, there thy murdered brother and my son was. See, dost thou not weep for him ?

*Young For.* I shall find time.

When you have took some comfort, I'll begin  
To mourn his death, and scourge the murderer's sin.  
Dear father, be advis'd ; take hence his body,  
And let it have a solemn funeral.

*Old For.* But for the murd'rer, shall not he attend  
The sentence of the law with all severity ?

*Young For.* Have you but patience. Should we urge the  
law,

He hath such honourable friends to guard him,  
We should in that but bark against the moon.  
Nay, do not look that way : take hence the body.  
Let the law sleep : the time, ere it be long,  
May offer't self to a more just revenge.  
We're poor, and the world frowns on all our fortune.  
With patience then bear this amongst the rest.  
The Heav'ns, when they be pleas'd, may turn the wheel  
Of Fortune round, when we, that are dejected,  
May be again rais'd to our former height.

*Old For.* Oh, when saw father such a tragic sight,  
And did outlive it ? never, son, ah, never  
From mortal breast ran such a pretious river.

*Young For.* Come, father, and dear sister, join with me.

Let us all learn our sorrows to forget ;  
He ow'd a death, and he hath paid that debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Old HARDING's House. Enter Old HARDING, his two sons, WILLIAM and JOHN, and his wife, ANNE, as newly come from the wedding.*

*Old Har.* So, things are as they should be. We have attained

The height of solace and true joy, sweet Nan.  
No sooner married but a mother of this  
My hopeful issue. Cheer thy thoughts,  
For what I want in youth, I will supply  
In true affection ; and what age doth scant me  
In sprightly vigour, I'll make good in wealth.

*Mrs. H.* Sir, you well know, I was not easily won,  
And therefore not soon chang'd. Advisedly,  
Not rashly, did I venture on your love.  
My young unsettled thoughts, from their long travels,  
Have late attained unto their journey's end,  
And they are now at rest.

*Old Har.* Here they have found a harbour to retire to.

*Wil.* 'Twould become you to use my father here respectfully : you see how he receives you almost dowerless.

*John.* True, where he, out of his own abilities, might have commanded widows richer far, ay, and perhaps each way as beautiful.

*Mrs. H.* Upbraid me not. I do confess he might,  
Nor was this match my seeking. If't hath pleased  
Your father, for some virtues known in me,  
To grace me with his free election,  
Methinks it worse becomes you, being sons,  
To blame a father's pleasure. Howsoever,

Better myself I cannot. If he thought me  
Worthy his bed, I see small reason you  
Should wrong me to him, that my state best knew.

*Old Har.* Nan, I am pleas'd : they shall be satisfied ;  
And, boys, I tell you, tho' you be my sons,  
You much forget your duty to a mother,  
Whom I hold worthy to be call'd my wife.  
No more of this, I charge you.

*Wil.* Sir, we've done.

*Old Har.* No child to her, can be to me no son.

*John.* I am pleased : here my spleen dies,  
Suddenly fallen, as it did quickly rise.

*Old Har.* This is the end I aim'd at. Were my eldest  
Present among us much, I had my height  
Of wishes.

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* I have been there, sir.

*Old Har.* And foundest thou my son Philip?

*Clown.* When you had given him me in charge, I had of  
him great care. I have took of him great care ; and I have  
took him napping, as you know who took his mare. I found  
your son Philip, like a cock-sparrow billing. If I had staid  
but a little longer, I might have taken him and his hen  
treading. I know not whether it be St. Valentine's day or  
no ; but I am sure they are coupled.

*Old Har.* How coupled, dost thou mean ?

*Clown.* I see them one and one, and that you know makes  
two, and two makes a couple ; and they, well coupled, may in  
time make a third between them. I do not think but 'tis like  
to be a match.

*Old Har.* I vow, if e'er he match into that family,  
The kindred be'ng all beggar'd, that forc'd union  
Shall make a firm divorce 'twixt him and mine.

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN.*

*Clown.* Here they are, sir, *coram nobis*. You will find it a plain case, if the matter be well searched. I have spokè but what I have seen ; and now let every one answer for themselves.

*Old Har.* What mean these hands ?

*Phil.* Nothing, sir,

Save a mere interchange of hearts and souls,  
Doubly made fast by vows.

*Old Har.* 'Twixt her and thee ?

*Phil.* So, and no otherwise.

*Old Har.* Yet thou hast time

To pause and to repent ; but after this,  
No limit to consider ; cast her off,  
Or henceforth I disclaim thee for my son.

*Phil.* Yet I shall ever hold you for my father.

*Old Har.* Then show in this thy duty : quite forsake her,  
And be restor'd into my family.

*Phil.* O, sir, she is a virgin chaste and fair,  
Unto whose bed I am by oath engag'd.  
That power above, that heard the contract pass,  
Both heard, approv'd, and still records the same.  
Oh, sir, I am of years : oft have you wish'd  
To see me well bestow'd ; and now's the time  
Your wish hath took effect. It was your prayer  
That Heav'ns would send me a good wife ; and lo !  
In her they have show'd their bounty.

*Old Har.* Thou thy baseness.  
Take one that's of my choosing.

*Phil.* Do men use,  
By others' hearts and eyes their wives to choose ?

*Old Har.* She's poor.

*Phil.* Yet virtuous.

*Old Har.* Virtue ! a sweet dower !

*Phil.* Yet that, when Mammon fails, retains her power.

*Old Har.* Possess'd of virtue then thou need nought else.

*Phil.* Riches may waste by fire, by sea, by stealth,  
But water, fire, nor theft can virtue waste.  
When all else fails us, that alone shall last.

*Old Har.* Go to Cheapside, with virtue in your purse,  
And cheapen plate ; or to the shambles hie,  
And see what meat with virtue you can buy.  
Will virtue make the pot seeth, or the jack  
Turn a spit laden ? tell me, will your landlord  
At quarter-day take virtue for his rent ?  
Will your wife's virtue yield you ten in the hundred ?  
A good stock would do all this. Come, come, son ;  
I'll find thee a rich match ; and turn her off.

*Wil.* 'Faith, do, brother. The only way to thrive is to be ruled by my father.

*John.* Do you think I, being but the youngest, would marry under the degree of a gentlewoman ; and that without my father's consent too ?

*Phil.* I wish you may not ; but withal advise you,  
To make a conscience how you break a vow.  
And, sir, for you, with pardon, I could trace you  
Even in that path in which I stand condemn'd.  
This gentlewoman, my beauteous mother-in-law,  
(Whose virtues I both honour and admire,  
Whom in no kind I envy) I presume,  
You married not for riches ; for, if so,  
Where is that wealthy dower she brought along ?  
Being yourself example, blame me not,  
To make a father my strict precedent.  
In viewing me, bear but yourself in mind,  
And prove to her, as I to this like kind.

*Mrs. H.* The gentleman speaks well. Pray, let me mediate  
Between you a reconciliation.

*Wil.* Good sir, do.



*John.* Since 'tis my mother's pleasure to take't well,  
We'll be joint suitors with her.

*Clown.* And I, too, good master.

*Old Har.* The boy's inflexible, and I obdure.  
He cannot be more saucy to object  
That which I would not hear, than I perverse  
In yielding to a knave so obstinate.

*Sus.* He is your son, and of your blood the first ;  
Brand him not with a name so odious.  
You cannot write yourself a gentleman,  
But leave him of that name inheritor.  
Tho' you have power to take away his means,  
Deprive him both your blessing and your love,  
Which methinks in a father should seem strange,  
His state you may, his blood you cannot, change.

*Old Har.* Baited on all sides? have I been thus long  
A father and a master to direct,  
To be at these years pupil'd by a girl?  
A beggar? one that all the wealth she has  
Bears on her back; and shall I suffer this?  
Whilst these, that ought to arm me with just rage,  
Preach to me patience? I'll endure no more.  
Come, leave them, sweet wife! Gentle sons, away!

[*Exeunt.*

*Phil.* I'll have thee yet, tho' all the world say nay.

[*Exeunt.*

*Clown.* Now, which of these parties shall I cleave to and follow? Well, now I remember myself, I'll show myself a true citizen, and stick to the stronger side.

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The Street. Enter RAINSFORD and Young FORREST, meeting.*

*Young For.* Pray, let me speak with you.

*Rains.* With me, sir?

*Young For.* With you.

*Rains.* Say on.

*Young For.* Do you not know me?

*Rains.* Keep off, upon the peril of thy life.

Come not within my sword's length, lest this arm

Prove fatal to thee, and bereave thy life,

As it hath done thy brother's.

*Young For.* Why now thou know'st me truly, by that token,

That thou hast slain my brother. Put up, put up!

So great a quarrel as a brother's life

Must not be made a street-brawl; 'tis not fit

That ev'ry prentice should, with his shop-club,

Betwixt us play the sticklers. Sheath thy sword.

*Rains.* Swear thou wilt act no sudden violence,

Or this sharp sword shall still be interpos'd

'Twixt me and thy known hatred.

*Young For.* Sheath thy sword.

By my religion and that interest

I have in gentry, I will not be guilty

Of any base revenge.

*Rains.* Say on.

*Young For.* Let's walk.

Trust me. Let not thy guilty soul

Be jealous of my fury. This my hand

Is curb'd and govern'd by an honest heart,

Not by just anger. I'll not touch thee foully

For all the world. Let's walk.

*Rains.* Proceed.

*Young For.* Sir, you did kill my brother. Had it been

In fair and even encounter, tho' a child,

His death I had not question'd.

*Rains.* Is this all?

*Young For.* He's gone. The law is past. Your life is clear'd;

For none of all our kindred laid against  
 You evidence to hang you. You're a gentleman ;  
 And pity 'twere a man of your descent  
 Should die a felon's death. See, sir, thus far  
 We have demeanéd fairly, like ourselves.  
 But, think you, though we wink at base revenge,  
 A brother's death can be so soon forgot ?  
 Our gentry baffled, and our name disgrac'd ?  
 No : 'tmust not be ; I am a gentleman  
 Well known ; and my demeanour hitherto  
 Hath promis'd somewhat. Should I swallow this,  
 The scandal would outlive me. Briefly then,  
 I'll fight with you.

*Rains.* I am loath.

*Young For.* Answer directly,  
 Whether you dare to meet me on even terms ;  
 Or mark how I'll proceed.

*Rains.* Say, I deny it.

*Young For.* Then I say thou'rt a villain, and I challenge  
 thee,

Where'er I meet thee next, in field or town,  
 Thy father's manors, or thy tenant's grange,  
 Saving the church, there is no privilege  
 In all this land for thy despiséd life.  
 No guard of friends, no nightwalks, or sly stealth,  
 No jealous fear, which in a murderer's eye  
 Keeps hourly watch, shall have the privilege,  
 This even and balanc'd fight, body to body ;  
 I'll kill thee be it in thy bed, at meat,  
 In thy wife's arms ; as thou tookést my brother,  
 With thy back towards me, basely. Answer me.

*Rains.* I'll meet with thee. The hour ?

*Young For.* By six to-morrow morning. 'Tis your privilege  
 T'appoint the place and weapon.

*Rains.* Hounsflow the place : my choice of weapon this.

[*Showing his sword.*

*Young Fer.* I can except at neither. Fail the place,  
Or suit your weapon's length. Farewell ! [Exit.

*Enter GOODWIN and FOSTER.*

*Good.* Now, cousin Rainsford.

*Rains.* I'll so swinge my younker.

*Fos.* Why, who hath rais'd this storm, sir ?

*Rains.* Wot'st thou what ?

The younger Forrest parted but ev'n now,  
Call'd me to question 'bout his brother's death,  
And since hath challeng'd me.

*Good.* challeng'd ?

*Rains.* challeng'd me.

*Fos.* Why, he's too weak for you.

*Rains.* Yes, I shall weak him.

My purpose is to teach the stripling sense ;  
An' you be honest gentlemen, stand but  
Aloof to-morrow, and observe how I  
Will swinge my youth about the field.

*Good.* An' please Heav'n, I'll be there.

*Fos.* And so will I.

*Rains.* He seeks his fate. And murd'ers, once being in,  
Wade further till they drown. Sin pulls on sin.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old HARDING, Mrs. HARDING,  
WILLIAM, and JOHN.*

*Wil.* 'Tis true, upon my life.

*Old Har.* Say what thou wilt, I'll not believe it, boy.

*Wil.* Do you believe me to be your son William ?

*Old Har.* Well.

*Wil.* Do you believe I stand here?

*Old Har.* On.

*Wil.* That this gentlewoman is your wife?

*Old Har.* So.

*Wil.* That Jack Harding here is my brother?

*Old Har.* Good.

*Wil.* That I speak to you? that you list to me?

Do you believe anything that is to be believed?

*Old Har.* What of all this?

*Wil.* Then believe my brother Philip has married Mistress Susan. I saw them in the church together, I heard them pronounce the words together. Whether it be better, or worse, for them, I know not, but they are in for better, and worse, that I am sure.

*Old Har.* As sure as thou art certain this is true,  
So sure I'll disinherit the proud boy,  
And all the magazine, that I enjoy,  
Divide 'tween you, my sons.

*John.* Not all, father. Alas! allow him some small legacy to live on.

*Wil.* If't be but a cast farm, or some poor cottage, rather than nothing. It may be he'll content himself with a little. You know something hath some savour.

*Old Har.* He that hath set me and my love at nothing,  
I'll leave him worth as little.

*Mrs. H.* Chide him you may, but yet not cast him off;  
For fathers ought most chastise where they love.  
Parents, as I have read, their rage should hide,  
Where children fall through weakness, not through pride.

*Old Har.* They are none such to me. My vow is past;  
My life may fade, but yet my will shall last.

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN.*

*Wil.* See, where the four bare legs that belong to a bed come. I could almost pity him.

*Jack.* And why pity him? all the while that marriage is the first step to our making?

*Phil.* See, sir, 'tis done.

*Old Har.* And thou undone.

*Phil.* In losing your kind favour more undone,  
Than in your casual wealth.

*Old Har.* By all that I enjoy—

*Phil.* Oh, swear not! spare that oath; I'll credit you,  
Altho' you speak but mildly.

*Old Har.* So thrive I, if for this marriage,  
Made in despite of me, I make thee partner  
Of any substance that's accounted mine.

*Phil.* Not made in spite of you. Unsay that language;  
And then you chide me truly, as I live:  
And tho' on earth by you disherited,  
Hope to be heir to heav'n. I match'd with her  
In sincere love, but in no spleen to you.  
Tho' you have sworn to give my fortunes from me,  
You have not sworn to 'reave me of your love.  
That let me have: let others take the land.

*Old Har.* My love goes with my land; and in this marriage  
Thou hast lost both.

*Phil.* Your substance I despise;  
But, to lose that, draws rivers from my eyes.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, bear a soft and more relenting soul,  
And look upon the virtues of your son,  
This gentlewoman's birth.

*Old Har.* Wife! wife! if he have married her for birth,  
Then let her birth maintain him.

*Mrs. H.* My kind sons,  
Speak to your father.

*Wil.* Alas! mother, you hear my father hath sworn; and  
do you love him, and would make him break his oath?

*John.* Engage his soul? that were a wife's part indeed!

*Wil.* As I live, I would not wish him, now he has sworn, to alter his mind in the least circumstance, for more than I'll speak.

*Phil.* I am a kinder son than you be brothers.  
Have you renounc'd me for your son?

*Old Har.* I have.

*John.* You see he has.

*Phil.* You have not yet renounc'd me for your servant.  
That title let me bear. I'll be your man,  
And wear your livery; since my poverty  
Enforces me to serve, let it be you.

*Wil.* Grant him that, good father. When you want employment for him, I may sometimes have occasion to use him myself.

*John.* A reasonable motion. You want a serving-man.  
Since you must hire one on force, as good him as another.

*Phil.* He wants a maid too. Let him hire this woman, his servant, not his daughter. Give us but as you would do to strangers, we are pleased.

*Wil.* The motion's not amiss. Can you milk, sweetheart?

*Sus.* I can.

*Wil.* And sweep a house, serve a hog, grope a hen, feel a duck, wash and wring?

*Sus.* What I have us'd, my soft hand best can show;  
But what I can not, I'll be glad to learn.

*John.* A good willing mind, in troth. And can you bake and brew?

*Sus.* I shall be easily taught.

*John.* You had best look to it; for as you brew, so you are like to drink.

*Old Har.* Sirrah, sirrah! Can you hold the plough, and thresh, sow, reap, load a cart, drive a team?

*Phil.* These, or what else, I'll practise.

*Old Har.* Come, then, off with these gay clothes, no habits fit for hinds. Help, boys, to suit them as their fortunes are.  
Go, search in the clown's wardrobe.

*Wil.* Fear not. We'll fit 'em as well as if we had ta'en measure of 'em.

*Mrs. H.* To see this misery with patience borne,  
Makes me to pity where these others scorn.

*John.* Here, sir, is that will serve the turn. If you employ him in the corn-fields, I'll warrant him fright the birds. Here's that will make him look like a scarecrow.

*Wil.* And here's that will change the copy of her case, though not of her countenance.

*Old Har.* Too good for drudges. Live now by your sweat,  
And at your labour make account to eat.

*Phil.* Here's but a sorry wedding-day !

*Sus.* My sweet Philip,  
That thou should'st suffer these extremes for me,  
Only for me !

*Phil.* Let that, betwixt my soul  
And thine, be witness of my constant love.  
Alas, for thee ! that thou must drudge and toil,  
And, having been a mistress all thy life,  
Must now become a servant !

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* This being the wedding-day of my master's eldest son, I expect rare cheer ; as, first, the great spiced cake to go in, cake-bread fashion, drawn out with currants : the jealous furnmety must put on his yellow hose again, and hot pies come mincing after : the boiled mutton must swim in a river of stewed broth, where the channel is made of prunes, instead of pebbles, and prime raisins and currants in the stead of checker-stones and gravel ; to omit geese and gulls, ducks and dotterels, widgeons and woodcocks, of which there will be plenty. At our wedding-dinner we shall have the bride, in her tiffety-taffeties most sumptuous, and the bridegroom as well, in branched satin, as branched rosemary, most courageous. I'll in and see them in all their beauty,



and give them the joy, the *bon-jour*, the *besilasmanos*, or, to be more vulgar to the incapable, the *God give you good morrow*.

*Phil.* Good morrow, fellow Simkin !

*Clown.* 'Tis he : no, no, 'tis not he.

*Sus.* Good Simkin.

*Clown.* Her face ! the trick of her eye, her leer, her blink, her askew ! but to say it is she, *Proh deum atque hominum fidem !*

*Phil.* Art thou amaz'd to see me thus transform'd,  
Or thus alter'd ? None but such a father,  
Such a remorseless and hard-hearted father,  
Could so translate his children.

*Clown.* Oh, Mr. Philip ! I see your father is no scholar, but a meer dunce. I protest I never read a more vile translation.

*Sus.* Nor saw so sudden and unmeet a change.

*Clown.* Oh, young mistress ! Ovid's *Metamorphoses* could never show the like. But how comes this to pass ? the manner ? the manner ? my heart begins to condole, and my conduit-pipes to open. We shall have a shower presently. The manner ?

*Phil.* This morning, having married my betrothed,  
For could I less do, having vow'd so much ?  
I came to him, and most submissively entreated  
Pardon for myself and her.

*Clown.* Kind young man ! hold, good heart !

*Phil.* He presently reviles us ; then renounc'd us ;  
Nor would he give us, should he see us starve,  
And famish at his gate, no, not a crust  
Of his hinds' bread ; or of his smallest beer,  
Not a bare crusefull, should we die for thirst.

*Clown.* 'Twill out ! 'twill out ! but now for the apparel.

*Sus.* When he renounc'd us for his children,  
We had no means reserv'd unless with baseness  
To beg our victuals ; were resolv'd to work ;

So he, at our entreaty, hir'd us both  
To be his hinds and drudges.

*Clown.* Your apron, good mistress ! And so and so, you were stript out of your silks and satins, and forced to put on these russets and sheepskins.

*Phil.* Even so.

*Clown.* O, most tyrannical old fornicator—old master, I would say. Well, since 'tis so, no more young master, but fellow-servant ; no more master Philip, but Phil ; here's my hand ; I'll do two men's labours in one, to save you a labour ; and, to spare your shoulders, I'll help at many a dead lift. Come, I'll go teach you *hayt* and *ree*, *gee* and *whoe*, and which is to which hand. Next, I'll learn you the names of all our team, and acquaint you with *Jock*, the fore horse, and *Fib*, the fill-horse, and with all the godamercy fraternity.

*Sus.* Succeed it as Heav'n please !

*Phil.* What must be must be : Heav'n hath set it down :  
At what they smile, why should we mortals frown ?

*Clown.* To see so brave a gentleman turn clown ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Hounslow.* Enter GOODWIN and FOSTER.

*Fos.* Are we not somewhat too early, think you ?

*Good.* It appears so, for neither challenger nor defendant are yet in the field.

*Fos.* Which way do you think the day will go ? or whether of them do you hold to be the better man ?

*Good.* That I am not able to judge ; but if the opinion of the world hold current, he that killed one brother, it is thought will be the death of the other. But these things are beyond us. Lie close, for being seen.

Enter RAINSFORD and Young FORREST.

*Rains.* Your resolution holds then ?

*Young For.* Men that are easily mov'd are soon remov'd  
From resolution ; but when, with advice  
And with foresight we purpose, our intents  
Are not without considerate reasons alter'd.

*Rains.* Thou art resolv'd, and I prepar'd for thee.  
Yet thus much know, thy state is desperate,  
And thou art now in danger's throat already  
Ev'n half-devour'd. If I subdue thee, know  
Thou art a dead man ; for this fatal steel,  
That search'd thy brother's entrails, is prepar'd  
To do as much to thee. If thou survivest,  
And I be slain, th'art dead too ; my alliance  
And greatness in the world will not endure  
My slaughter unreveng'd. Come, I am for thee.

*Young For.* I would my brother liv'd, that this our diff'rence  
Might end in an embrace of folded love ;  
But 'twas Heav'n's will that for some guilt of his  
He should be scourg'd by thee ; and for the guilt  
In scourging him, thou by my vengeance punish'd.  
Come ; I am both ways arm'd, against thy steel  
If I be pierc'd by it, or 'gainst thy greatness  
If mine pierce thee.

*Rains.* Have at thee. *[They fight and pause.]*

*Young For.* I will not bid thee hold ; but if thy breath  
Be as much short as mine, look to thy weakness.

*Rains.* The breath, thou draw'st but weakly,  
Thou now shalt draw no more.

*[They fight—FORREST loseth his weapon.]*

*Young For.* That Heaven knows.  
He guard my body that my spirit owes !

*[Guards himself, and puts by with his hat—slips—  
the other running, falls over him and FORREST  
kills him.]*

*Good.* My cousin's fall'n—pursue the murderer.

*Fos.* But not too near, I pray ; you see he's arm'd,

And in this deep amazement may commit  
Some desp'rate outrage.

*Young For.* Had I but known the terror of this deed,  
I would have left it done imperfectly,  
Rather than in this guilt of conscience  
Labour'd so far. But I forget my safety.  
The gentleman is dead. My desp'rate life  
Will be o'ersway'd by his allies and friends,  
And I have now no safety but by flight.  
And see where my pursuers come. Away !  
Certain destruction hovers o'er my stay. [Exit.

*Good.* Come, follow ! see he takes towards the city.  
You bear the body of my cousin hence,  
Unto the neighb'ring village. I'll still keep  
Within the murderer's sight. Raise hue and cry !  
He shall not scape our pursuit, tho' he fly.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Old HARDING'S Garden. Enter WILLIAM and PHILIP.*

*Wil.* Now, wilt truss me that point, Philip ! I could find  
in my heart to beg thee of my father to wait upon me : but  
that I am afraid he cannot spare thee from the plough. Be-  
sides, I heard him say but the last day, that thou wast more  
fit to make a hind, than a serving-man.

*Phil.* Sir, you were once my brother.

*Wil.* True, but that was when you were a son to my father.

*Phil.* Ay, and my younger brother : I had then priority of  
birth.

*Wil.* But now it seems we have got the start of you ; for,  
being but a servant, you are taken a button-hole lower.

*Phil.* When will this tedious night give place to day ?

*Wil.* I hope I may command.

*Phil.* I must obey.

*Enter JOHN and SUSAN.*

*John.* My string, Sue ! Are these shoes well mundified ?  
Down a your marrowbones, good Sue ! I hope you are not so  
straight-laced but you can stoop. You acknowledge me one of  
your young masters. If not, 'tis not unknown to you that I  
know the way to my father.

*Sus.* Yes, sir ; and can tell tales, I know you can ; and I  
have felt the smart on't.

*John.* Whip me, if you shall not, if you begin once to grow  
stubborn. Why when ?

*Sus.* As humble as your feet. [*Kneels to tie JOHN'S shoes.*]

*Enter Mrs. HARDING.*

*Mrs. H.* Why, how now, maid ! is this work fitting you ?  
And you, sir ; you are look'd for in the stable,  
And should not loiter here. Will you be gone ?

*Phil.* I am for any service. [*Exit.*]

*Sus.* And I too. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. H.* We shall find other things for you to do.

*Will.* If you cannot, here be that they can. A drudge ! a  
groom ! I'll send him of my errands.

*John.* And if I do not find work for her, I'll do nothing but  
take tobacco in every room, because, twice a day, I'll make her  
clean the house. [*Exeunt.*]

*Mrs. H.* These think, because I am their stepmother,  
Their chiefest torture is my most content,  
When I protest, to see them thus afflicted,  
It grates my very heartstrings every hour.  
For tho' before their father's ruthless eye,  
And their remorseless brothers, I seem stern,  
Yet privately they taste of my best bounty.  
And other of my servants are by me  
Hir'd to o'ercome their chiefest drudgery.  
(*Voices within.*) Follow, follow, follow !

*Enter Young FORREST with his weapon drawn.*

*Young For.* I am pursued ; and there's no place of refuge  
Left to my desp'rate life. But here's a woman !  
Oh, if she harbour soft effeminate pity,  
She may redeem me from a shameful death.

*Mrs. H.* A man, thus arm'd, to leap my garden wall !  
Help, help !

*Young For.* As you are fair, and should be pitiful ;  
A woman, therefore, to be mov'd ; a Christian,  
And therefore one that should be charitable,  
Pity a poor distress'd gentleman,  
Who gives his desp'rate fortune, life, and freedom,  
Into your hand.

*Mrs. H.* What are you, sir, that, with your weapon drawn,  
Affright me thus ?

*Young For.* If you protect my life,  
Fair creature, I am a free gentleman ;  
But if betray me, then a poor man doom'd  
Unto a shameful death.

*Mrs. H.* What's your offence,  
That such suspicious fear and tim'rous doubt  
Waits on your guilty steps ?

*Young For.* I've kill'd a man ;  
But fairly, as I am a gentleman,  
Without all base advantage,  
In even trial of both our desp'rate fortunes.

*Mrs. H.* Fairly ?

*Young For.* And, tho' I say it, valiantly.

*Mrs. H.* And hand to hand ?

*Young For.* In single opposition.

*Mrs. H.* In a good quarrel ?

*Young For.* Else let the hope, I have in you of safety,  
Turn to my base confusion. Gentle creature,

[*A cry within, " Follow," &c.*

I cannot now stand to expostulate,  
For, hark ! the breath of my pursuers blows  
A fearful air upon my flying heel,  
And I am almost in their fatal gripe.

Say, will you save me ?

*Mrs. H.* I will. Then climb into that hovel.

*Young For.* Oh, any where.

*Mrs. H.* Nay, quickly then.

*Young For.* Your hand, fair lady !

*Mrs. H.* Away, leave me to answer for you.

(*Sits down to work*).

[*Exit Young For.*]

*Enter Old HARDING, GOODWIN, FOSTER, and Officers.*

*Old Har.* Over my garden-wall ! Is't possible ?

*Good.* Over this wall I saw him leap it lightly.

*Old Har.* That we shall quickly know. See, here's my wife ;  
She can inform us best.

*Fos.* Saw you not, Mrs. Harding, a young man  
Mount o'er this garden-wall with his sword drawn ?

*Mrs. H.* My eyes were stedfast on my work in hand,  
And, trust me, I saw none.

*Old Har.* Perhaps he took down to the neighbour village,  
And when he saw my wife, alter'd his course.

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis very like so, for I heard a bustling  
About that hedge ; besides a sudden noise  
Of some that swiftly ran towards your fields.  
Make haste ; 'twas now ; he cannot be far off.

*Old Har.* Gentlemen, take my word : I am High Constable.  
It is part of my office : I'll be no shelter  
For any man that shall offend the law.  
If we surprise him, I will send him bound  
To the next Justice. Follow you your search.

*Good.* Farewell, good Mr. Harding.

*Fos.* Your word's sufficient, without further warrant.

Continue our pursuit ! All ways are laid ;  
And ere he reach the city shall be staid.

[*Exeunt* GOODWIN and FOSTER.]

*Old Har.* Adieu, good friends.

*Mrs. H.* Pray, what's the business, sir?

*Old Har.* Two gentlemen went into the fields to fight,  
And one hath slain the other.

*Mrs. H.* On what quarrel?

*Old Har.* I had small leisure to importune that :  
Only this much I learnt : the man that's dead  
Was great in fault ; and he that now survives,  
Subject unto the danger of this search,  
Bare himself fairly ; and his fortune being  
To kill a man allied to noblemen,  
And greatly friended, is much pitiéd.  
But law must have its course.

*Mrs. H.* (*aside*). If this be true,  
I thank my fate, and bless this happy hour  
To save a life within law's griping power.

*Old Har.* Come, then : the morning's bleak, and sharp the  
air.

In to the fire, my girl ; there's wholesome heat,  
I'll in, and see my servants set at meat.

*Mrs. H.* Sir, I'll but end this flow'r, and follow you.  
If this should be some bloody murderer,  
Great were my guilt to shrowd him from the law.  
But if a gentleman by fortune crost,  
'Tis pity one so valiant and so young  
Should be given up into his enemy's hands,  
Whilst greatness may perhaps weigh down his cause,  
And balance him to death, who thus escaping  
May, when he hath by means obtain'd his peace,  
Redeem his desp'rate fortunes, and make good  
The forfeit made unto the offended law.



Prove as Heav'n shall direct, I'll do my best :  
 'Tis charity to succour the distrest.

*Enter Young FORREST, above.*

*Young For.* Fair mistress, are they gone? may I descend?

*Mrs. H.* No safety lives abroad. Then, pray, forbear  
 To speak of 'scaping hence.

*Young For.* Oh, but I fear!

*Mrs. H.* My life for your's.

*Young For.* However poor I fare,  
 May you of this your charitable care  
 Taste happy fruit.

*Mrs. H.* You did not kill him foully?

*Young For.* No, I protest.

*Mrs. H.* Nor willingly?

*Young For.* I willingly fought with him, but unwillingly  
 Did I become his death's man.

*Mrs. H.* Could you now  
 Wish him alive again?

*Young For.* With his hands loose;  
 And yet he slew my brother.

*Mrs. H.* Heav'n hath sent  
 This gentleman, because he's penitent,  
 To me for succour: therefore till the violence  
 Of all his search be past, I'll shrowd him here,  
 And bring you meat and wine to comfort you,  
 Free, I protest, from all unchaste pretence,  
 Till by some means I may convey you hence.

*Young For.* The life you save, if I o'ercome this plunge,  
 Shall be for ever your's: all my endeavours  
 To your devoted service I will store,  
 And carefully hoard up.

*Mrs. H.* Sir, now no more.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Old HARDING'S Garden. Enter PHILIP and CLOWN.*

*Clown.* Come, good fellow Phil ! What, nothing but mourning and mowing ? Thy melancholy makes our teams to veil their fore-tops, and all our jades crest-fallen ; and, (to see thee wail in woe) in the deep cart-ruts, up to the bellies, plunge in pain. My mistress Susan, she's in the same pitiful pickle too.

*Phil.* Oh, if this hand could execute for her  
All that my cruel father hath impos'd,  
My toil would seem a pleasure ; labour, ease.

*Clown.* Ease ? what's that ? there's little to be found in our house. Now we have loosed the plough in the fields, they'll find work enough about home, to keep us from the scurvy. Your hat, Phil ! see, here comes our mistress !

*Enter Mrs. HARDING, with bread and a bottle.*

*Mrs. H.* The place is clear : none sees me ; now's the time  
To bear my sorrowful charge bread, meat, and wine.  
These six days I have kept him undiscover'd.  
Neither my husband's nor my servants' eyes  
Have any way discover'd him. How now,  
Fellows ? whither so fast this way ?

*Clown.* Nay, we do not use to go too fast, for falling : our business at this present is about a little household service.

*Mrs. H.* What business have you this way ?

*Clown.* We are going, as they say, to remove, or, according to the vulgar, to make clean, where Chanticleer, and Dame Partlet, the hen, have had some doings.

*Mrs. H.* What dost thou mean by that ?

*Phil.* By my master's appointment, I must not say my father's : he hath commanded us first to make clean this hen-roost, and after, to remove the hay out of that hay-loft.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, me ! I fear the gentleman's betray'd !

What shift shall I devise?

*Clown.* By your leave, mistress : pray let's come by you.

*Mrs. H.* Well ! double diligence your labour has saved :  
 'Tis done already : Go and take your pleasure.  
 Son Philip, when I heard my husband speak  
 Of such a base employment, I straight hir'd  
 A lab'rer to prevent it, and 'tis done.

*Phil.* You're kinder, mother, than my father cruel,  
 And save me many a toil, and tedious travail,  
 Impos'd on me by your husband.

*Mrs. H.* O'er this place,  
 I'll bear a jealous and a watchful eye,  
 To prevent this discovery. And will you be gone?

*Clown.* Yes, sweet mistress, if you would but give a wink,  
 a word, to the dairy-maid for a mess of cream betwixt my  
 fellow Philip and I : it's good to be doing something ; for, you  
 know, my master does not love we should be idle.

*Mrs. H.* Well, sir, perhaps I shall remember you.

*Clown.* Come, Phil, let's be gone ; and if you chance to  
 blush at what my mistress hath promised, I'll tell you who  
 cast milk in your face. *[Exeunt.]*

*Mrs. H.* Shall I compare his present misery  
 With the misfortunes of this gentleman,  
 Which might I reckon greater ? but I leave them,  
 And to my charge. We all must yield to fate ;  
 He casts us down that best can raise our state.

*Enter SUSAN, with something in her apron.*

*Sus.* Oh, thro' what greater plunges can I pass  
 Than I have done already ? A father's penury—  
 The good old man dejected and cast down—  
 My husband even swept from the family  
 Where he was born, and quite forsook by him  
 By whom he should be foster'd ; made a servant  
 Amongst his servants, and his brothers' scorn ;

These mischiefs make me wish myself unborn.

*Mrs. H.* Again prevented !

*Sus.* How hath this meditation drawn my thoughts  
From my intended business ! I forgot  
What I was sent about. My master bade me  
Scatter this wheat and barley 'mongst the hens ;  
And I will soon despatch it.

*Mrs. H.* What makes thee  
So near the place that I so strictly guard ?  
What business have you there ?

*Sus.* Forsooth, my master  
Bade me go serve the poultry.

*Mrs. H.* Come, you shall not ;  
For this time I will do it for you.

*Sus.* Mother and mistress too !  
'Tis courtesy in you to proffer it,  
But should I suffer, you might hold it justly  
In me small manners.

*Mrs. H.* I say it shall be so.

*Sus.* Shall any servant  
Stand still, and see her mistress do her work ?  
Pray, pardon me : I should condemn myself  
Beyond imagination, should I stand  
Idly and see the work done by your hand.

*Mrs. H.* I say I will.

*Sus.* My words dare not say nay ;  
But my more forward action brooks no stay.

[going

*Mrs. H.* Then, doubtless, he's betray'd.

*Sus.* Oh, me ! what's here ? why  
Here's one that's come to steal your hens, a thief  
Who'll filch your poultry.

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis not so.

*Sus.* Shall I cry *thieves* aloud ?

*Mrs. H.* For heav'n's sake, no !

*Young FORREST leaps down.*

*Young For.* Betray then hapless Forrest. Once more I lie,  
Ordain'd for pity, or prepar'd to die.

What, none but women, and betray me? then

I see your hearts are flintier far than men.

*Mrs. H.* Think not that I'll betray you, nor shall she,  
If she respect my love, or her own life.

*Sus.* Betray my brother! it shall ne'er be said  
I stopt his flight when he had means to 'scape.

*Young For.* Oh, fortune beyond hope! amaz'd I stand  
To see my life laid in my sister's hand.

*Sus.* Dear brother!

*Young For.* My sweet sister!

*Mrs. H.* A strange greeting!

And, 'twixt two hapless creatures, happy meeting!

*Young For.* What change hath brought you to this down-  
cast state?

*Sus.* Nay, what mishap hath ruined you?

*Mrs. H.* You both forget your dangers: Then leave off  
These passive fits, and study for the safety  
Of this distressed gentleman, your brother,  
Now in the ruthless mercy of the law.

*Young For.* Sister, you've heard my fortunes.

*Sus.* With sad cheer,  
Little surmising you had laid so near.  
Dear mother, let us crave your farther assistance  
In furthering his escape.

*Mrs. H.* I am all your's.

*Young For.* My safety lies in sudden expedition:  
Debar me, I am dead.

*Mrs. H.* I have a brother  
Lives at Gravesend—an owner and a merchant,  
And could we but convey you safe to him,  
He soon would ship you over into France.

*Young For.* All ways are laid, and hue and cry sent forth  
Thro' ev'ry hundred. How shall I reach thither  
Without discovery?

*Sus.* Here stands an empty trunk in the next room,  
Which should be sent by water to Gravesend  
To your brother. What, if we should lock  
Him fast in that?

*Mrs. H.* I like it well; but whom  
Shall we employ to bear it safe?

*Sus.* Give it my husband and your man in charge:  
They two will see it carefully deliver'd.

*Mrs. H.* By them I'll write unto him earnestly  
In your behalf, and doubt not of your usage.

*Young For.* The trunk, the trunk! oh, quickly, if you  
love me.

*Mrs. H.* Come, I'll to write.

*Sus.* I'll find those that shall bear it.

*Young For.* The plot is likely, but Heav'n knows I fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old HARDING, JOHN, and  
WILLIAM.*

*Old Har.* Now, boys, no question but you think it long  
To have my estate made over to your use.

*John.* Oh, lord, sir!

*Old Har.* To have your eldest brother quite disabled  
Of any challenge of inheritance.

*Wil.* We think it not long, sir; but if you should use all  
expedition possible, I should say "Beshrew their hearts that  
would hinder it." We do not wish our brother disinherited;  
but if it be your pleasure, Heaven forbid that we, being your  
sons, should any way contradict it.

*John.* We should not show ourselves obedient sons, to per-

suade you to infringe your former vow : for, father, if you remember, you swore long since to do it. And Heaven forbid you should break your oath !

*Old Har.* Boys of mine own free spirit, mine own heart !  
And will you see him pine, beg, starve, nay, perish,  
Ere you will once relieve him ?

*Wil.* If't be your will, we'll swear to do it.

*Old Har.* And tho' the beggar's brat, his wife, I mean,  
Should, for the want of lodging, sleep on stalls  
Or lodge in stocks or cages, would your charities  
Take her to better harbour.

*John.* Unless to Cold Harbour, where, of twenty chimnies  
standing, you shall scarce, in a whole winter, see two smoking.  
We harbour her ? Bridewell shall first.

*Old Har.* Lads of my own condition, my own humour !  
Call me a Scriv'ner : Reach me pen and ink :  
I'll do't immediately.

*Wil.* Run for a scriv'ner, Jack.

*John.* Mean time, post thou for pen and ink.

*Enter Mrs. HARDING, meeting them.*

*Mrs. H.* Stay ! no such haste.  
Sweet husband, there be fitter times than these  
Made choice for such affairs. There's no enforcement  
To make your will, being in such perfect health.  
Pray, if you love me, do not talk of death ;  
Nor to your safety give such ill presage.  
Besides, this expedition in your sons  
Shows that they covet more your lands than life.  
Defer't then somewhat longer, for my sake.

*Old Har.* Then, for thy sake, I will. But, my kind boys,  
'Tis rather to soothe her, than your least wrong ;  
I will delay a little, tho' not long.

*Wil.* It hath been long a doing : I would it were once done.  
If he should perk over the perch now, and all fall to our elder

brother, we have used him so doggedly, the least he can do is to thrust us out of doors by head and shoulders.

*John.* Let him alone now : we'll urge him to it at more convenient leisure.

*Old Har.* When heard you from your brother at Gravesend ? Or how falls out his voyage, can you tell ?

*Mrs. H.* I had a letter from him two days since,  
In which he writes me all his goods are shipt,  
His wares in hold well stow'd, and nothing wants  
Save a fair gale to bring him to the Straits.

*Old Har.* Heav'n make his voyage prosp'rous ; for thou know'st  
I have a venture of five hundred pound  
Enter'd with him : my fortune joins with his :  
If he succeed, it falls out well with me ;  
If not, I'm likely to impart his loss.

*Enter Old FORREST.*

*Old For.* You are well found, sir.

*Old Har.* Ay ? what art thou, fellow ?

*Old For.* You knew me in my pride and flourishing state,  
Have you forgot me now ? As I remember,  
We two were bred together, school-fellows,  
Boarded together in one Master's house,  
Both of one form and like degree at school.

*Old Har.* Oh, thy name's Forrest.

*Old For.* Then in those days, your father, Mr. Harding,  
Was a good honest farmer, tenant too  
Unto my father. All the wealth he purchas'd  
(Far be upbraiding from me !) came from us,  
As your first raiser ; and you call'd me then  
Your landlord and young master. Then was then.  
But now the course of Fortune's wheel is turned ;  
You climb'd, we fell ; and that inconstant Fate,  
That hurl'd us down, hath lift you where we sate.



*Old Har.* Well, we are lord of all those manors now,  
You then possess'd. Have we not bought them dearly?  
Are they not ours?

*Old For.* I no way can deny it. I rather come  
As a poor suitor to you, to entreat you,  
For Heaven's sake and charity's,  
To pity my lost daughter, your cast son.  
Sir, I in all had but three children left me,  
Crutches to bear up my penurious age;  
One of these three was butcher'd cruelly,  
His body piteously, alas! pierc'd thro'.  
Then had I but two left, my eldest son,  
And he's or dead, or fled to save his life;  
If he still live, I've wasted, sold, or spent  
Ev'n all that little that my fortunes left;  
And now I have but one, one only daughter,  
And her I am not able to relieve  
With aught save tears and pity. To these helps,  
Oh, lend your fair assistance! She is your's,  
As well as mine.

*Old Har.* All my part I disclaim,  
Both in my son and her. They crost my pleasure,  
And they shall taste the smart. I was derided.  
They that love me shall by my will be guided.

*Wil.* And that am I.

*John.* And I, too, father.

*Mrs. H.* Base parasites!

*Old Har.* You ever pleas'd me well;  
And you shall mount the height from which they fell.

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN.*

*Old For.* See, see, alas! those that sev'n summers since  
Saw thy estate, and look upon thee now,  
Would at least pity, if not help thy wants.  
How happy was thy mother and my wife,

That slept her last sleep long before these sorrows  
Did take their birth !

*Sus.* Dear father, succour us.  
Help to redeem us from this cruel man  
That thus insults upon our miseries.

*Old For.* Fair daughter, add not to my tedious woes.  
Thou bidd'st a blind man guide thee on thy way,  
And tak'st a broken staff to be thy stay.

*Phil.* Good sir, release us.

*Old For.* It must be then with tears,  
For other help I've none ; and they, Heav'n knows,  
Can little ease, but never help your woes.  
Sir, if your heart be not of adamant,  
Or some hard metal that's impenetrable,  
Pity your blood and mine. So soon grown deaf !  
Kind gentlemen ! speak to your ruthless father !  
Show yourselves brothers. Do you turn aside ?  
Fair mistress, what say you ? I see your eyes  
In all things with our passions sympathize,  
And you are doubtless sprung from gentle blood.  
Gentry and baseness in all ages jar ;  
And poverty and wealth are still at war.

*Old Har.* Thou grow'st too tedious. Prithee, friend, begone !

*Old For.* I hope you do not scorn me.

*Old Har.* The truth is,  
I fain would have thee leave me.

*Old For.* 'Tis no disparagement unto your birth  
That you converse with me. If I mistake not,  
Sure, sure, I am as well born.

*Old Har.* And yet sure,  
'Tis ten to one I shall be better buried.

*Old For.* I am as honest.

*Old Har.* Nay, there you are aground.  
I'm honester by twenty thousand pound.

*Old For.* Are all such honest, then, that riches have ?

*Old Har.* Yes, rich and good ; a poor man and a knave.  
 Away, about thy bus'ness : loiter not  
 About my gates. I shall compel thee else.  
 For thy request, my will is peremptory :  
 Thy softness makes me much more violent.  
 Whom thou the more commiserat'st, I condemn.  
 They're in my deepest hate. Wife, sons, let's go. [*Exeunt.*  
*Old For.* With eyes in tears sunk, heart circumvolv'd in woe.  
*Sus.* What shall we now do ?  
*Phil.* What, but endure the worst ?  
 When comfort's banish'd, welcome all extremes !  
 Yet I have sent my fellow, or my man,  
 To prove some friends to help to stock a farm.  
 I have not yet their answer ! 'Tis the last  
 Of all our hopes. That failing, we have run  
 Our latest course, outcast, and quite undone. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Merchant's House. Enter the MERCHANT, reading a letter,  
 and after him Young FORREST.*

*Merch.* My sister writes how your occasions stand,  
 And how you are to use my secrecy  
 In a strange business that concerns your life.  
 She hath left nothing unremember'd here,  
 Or slightly urg'd, to make me provident  
 And careful of your safety. Gentle sir,  
 Tho' I'm a stranger to your fortunes,  
 Yet for her sake whose love I tender dearly,  
 I am all your's ; my house to entertain you ;  
 My purse to furnish you in any course ;  
 My ship, if you'll to sea, is at your service ;  
 Make choice in which of these, in all, or any,  
 You will employ my faithful industry.

*Young For.* Oh, sir, your unexpected courtesy

To a poor stranger challenges the name  
Of brother to the kindest gentlewoman  
That ever breath'd this air. You cannot chuse  
But be of one strain, that such kindness use.  
You bade me to make choice of all your favours.  
My poverty and my necessity  
Do both of them, in my extremes, conserve  
To make me think the mean'st of any means,  
That can unplunge me from this gulf of trouble,  
To be much better than I can deserve,  
To be much greater than I dare desire,  
Being too poor to merit, too dejected  
To aim at any hopes.

*Merch.* You wrong your worth.  
You have desert sufficient, that she writes  
In your behalf; and I commend her for it.  
Methinks I see such honest parts in you,  
That upon weaker urgency than these lines  
I would build much affection on these gifts,  
Which I see nature hath endow'd you with.  
Indeed I flatter not. None flatter those  
They do not mean to gain by. 'Tis the guise  
Of sycophants, such great men to adore  
By whom they mean to rise, disdain the poor.  
My object is much otherwise intended;  
I fain would lose by him whom I commended.

*Young For.* If ever thus my weak ability  
Grow strong again, I will employ it solely  
To shun the base sin of ingratitude  
Tow'rds you and your fair sister.

*Merch.* Will you use me?

*Young For.* But what shall I return you in exchange  
Of those great favours?

*Merch.* Come, your love, your love.  
'Tis more than all I can attempt for you

Amounts unto. Pray let me know the most  
Of my employment.

*Young For.* Then will you but provide me a safe waftage  
Over to France, to Flanders, or to Spain,  
Or any foreign coast. I dare not trust  
My native country with my forfeit life.  
Sir, this is all I would entreat of you.

*Merch.* You're modest in your suit. The more you use  
me,  
The more I think you love me. Therefore  
This night I'll get you waftage o'er to France.  
Such sea-apparel as I use myself  
You shall accept part. Here's ten pounds in gold,  
And wheresoever you shall live hereafter,  
Pray let me once a year receive from you  
Some brief or note. I'll not return your love  
Idle or empty-handed.

*Young For.* My life's yours,  
And lesser satisfaction than my life  
Is much too little.

*Merch.* Much too much. No more,  
No more, I do entreat you. I am now  
Upon a voyage to the Straits myself,  
But 'twill be two days hence.

*Young For.* Heav'n be your guide !  
As I find you, so find friends in your need !  
Blushing, I run into your countless debt  
More sums of love than all my hoard can pay.  
But if these black adventures I survive,  
Ev'n till this mortal body be ingrav'd,  
You shall be lord of that which you have sav'd.

*Merch.* Only your love. Come, we'll provide this night  
For your safe waftage, and your secret flight.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A street. Enter CLOWN, FOSTER, GOODWIN, and a Gentleman.*

*Fos.* Speak with us? Why, what's the business?

*Clown.* Nay, that's more than I can resolve you upon the sudden. It may be there's some great fortune fallen to him of late, and he would impart the benefit to you.

*Good.* Nay, then, let's go. Where shall we find him?

*Clown.* A word to the wise. It may be that he's in some monstrous extreme necessity, and would gladly borrow some money of you, or so.

*Good.* Ay, said'st thou so? now I remember me, I needs must home. I have some business. I'll see him at some other time.

*Clown.* Nay, but one word more.

*Fos.* We cannot stay now.

*Gent.* Nor I: a great occasion calls me hence.

*Clown.* Nay, then, I see you are apt to take a man at the worst still. If you knew what little need he hath to borrow: "Borrow?" quoth he, "a good jest." You know he and I, my fellow Phil and I, 'mongst other works that my master uses to put us to, we use to dig and delve: now, if we have found a pot of money, and would trust you with the laying of it out, why so!

*Fos.* How!

*Clown.* Marry, even so. You know his father is such a dogged old curmudgeon, he dares not for his ears acquaint him with it.

*Gent.* Prithee, go on.

*Clown.* 'Twere kindness in him to choose you out of all the friends he hath in the world to impart this benefit to, were't not? and say true.

*Gent.* Troth, he was always a kind, honest youth, and would it lay in me to pleasure him !

*Good.* In troth, or me ! he should command my purse and credit both.

*Fos.* Where might we speak with him ?

*Clown.* Hard by, sir, hard by. But stay, gentlemen, suppose there is no such matter as finding of money ; but what we missed in digging, to supply his present necessities, he hopes to find from you ! I promise you, I partly doubt such a matter.

*Fos.* How ! I forgot myself ; I needs must home.

*Good.* Troth, nor can I stay.

*Gent.* In sooth, nor I. (*going*).

*Enter PHILIP, meeting them.*

*Phil.* Gentlemen, whither so fast ? I sent to speak with you.

*Clown.* I can assure you, sir, they are better to speak withal, than to borrow money of. One word or two with you, my friends (by your leave, master). Gentlemen, I love you well ; and that you may know I love you, I would make bold to reveal a secret to you. My young master here, though you see him in these homely accoutrements, simple as you stand here, he has more to take to than I'll speak of. He might, ay, marry might he, he might go brave and shine in pearl and gold : he hath now in his instant possession a thousand pound thick.

*Fos.* A thousand pounds ?

*Clown.* Nay, old lads, he hath learnt his 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. And never cost him ten shillings.

*Good.* Five thousand pounds ?

*Clown.* You know where you hear it. Mum ! here's your tale and your talesman.

*Gent.* Good, good, proceed.

*Clown.* Now lift up your large ears and listen. To whom should he reveal all this wealth but to some friend ? and how

should he know a friend but by trying of him ? and how should he try a friend but by troubling of him ? and how should he trouble a friend but by borrowing money of him ? Now, gentlemen, it may be at first, he'll make his case poor and pitiful to you.

*Fos.* Only to try us.

*Clown.* Only to try you : have you no brains ? do you think we have need of money ? has any of you occasion to use a hundred pound ? need of money ! as I said afore, so I say again, only to try you. He has done the like to four or five that I know. Now, because they would not pity his supposed poverty, he would not acquaint them with this infinite mass of wealth. You have wits, brains, apprehension. If he makes his case known to you, lay it on. If I said lay it on, lay it on. You are not every body. If I had not seen some sparks in you, you had not been the men. Lay it on !

*Fos.* Enough, enough ; I understand thee fully ;  
Kind Master Philip, will you use my aid  
In any fair employment ?

*Good.* Sir, or mine ?

*Gent.* Or mine ?

*Phil.* Worthy friends ! even one as all !  
Freely to speak, as you are gentlemen,  
And I from childhood have protested love,  
As you are Christians, therefore to the poor,  
Such as I am, should be most charitable,  
Help with your plenty to relieve my wants.  
You know my labour, and have seen my need.  
Then take some pity of my poor estate,  
And help to ransom me from slavery,  
By lending me some money.

*Clown.* Did I not tell you so ? lay it on.

*Fos.* Sir, you shall have a hundred pound of me.

*Good.* What need you use him, and myself so near ?

*Gent.* Trouble not them, sir ; you shall ha't of me.

*Clown.* Take it, master ; take it all.



*Phil.* Oh, heav'ns ! where slept this friendship all this while ?  
 Who said that charity was fled to heaven,  
 And had no known abiding here on earth !  
 See, these that know me disinherited,  
 And to have no means to supply my wants,  
 Strive who should most engage his purse and credit,  
 To one so much oppress'd with poverty !

*Clown.* Alas ! sir, you see their kindness.  
 (*To the rest.*) I told you how strange he would make it. Lay it on.

*Fos.* Pray, sir, accept my kindness.

*Good.* }  
*Gent.* } Pray take mine.

*Clown.* Pray, master, take their courtesies.

*Phil.* I'll use them all,  
 And only borrow twenty pounds a-piece  
 To stock a poor farm for my wife and me.  
 Some three score pounds will do it.

*Clown.* Now, now, lay it on.

*Gent.* Take it all of me.

*Good.* Why all of you, sir ? is not mine as ready ?

*Fos.* When one can do't, what need you trouble three ?  
 But for the thousand pound, sir ; do not think,  
 But you may trust me with the whole employment  
 Of all such monies, and never trouble these.

*Phil.* What thousand pound ?

*Good.* Tho' it be six thousand,  
 I durst be steward of so great a sum.

*Clown.* Why, master fellow Phil !

*Phil.* Do you mock me, gentlemen ?  
 My wealth amounts not to a thousand straws.

*Clown.* I told you he would make it strange. Lay it on.

*Fos.* Make not your wealth so dainty ; for we know  
 You have at least six thousand pound in bank.  
 You may impart it unto us your friends.

*Phil.* Who hath deluded you, derided me,  
And made a mockery of my poor estate?  
Now I protest I have not in the world  
More riches than these garments on my back.

*Good.* Impossible; why, here's my tale, and my talesman.

*Clown.* No, sir, you are deceiv'd. Here is your tale, and  
you yourself are your talesman; for you carry it about you.  
The truth is, gentlemen, that we have betwixt us both no  
more crosses than you see.

*Phil.* Only the late hope of those sixty pounds,  
Promis'd by you unurg'd and uncompell'd,  
May raise my ruin'd fortunes.

*Gent.* Will you disburse it all, that were so forward?

*Fos.* I have no money. Do it you for me.

*Good.* It is but one man's labour, do't yourself.  
If you have none, I have less. God be with you. One stays  
for me at home.

*Gent.* Nay, take me with you, sir.

*Phil.* Why, gentlemen! will you revolt your words?

*Fos.* I have no money.

*Phil.* But now you striv'd which man should lend me most.

*Fos.* But then we reckon'd, sir, without our host.  
Then we suppos'd you rich, but being grown poor,  
I've made a foolish vow to lend no more. [Exit.]

*Gent.* I have made the like. You know your father  
threatens  
To disinherit you, and should we lend,  
You, being poor, should of our purses spend. [Exit.]

*Phil.* Tho' I be poor, heav'n may enable me.

*Good.* Heav'n may do much. That's all the beggar's  
saying.

Let me hoard wealth. You seek for wealth by praying. [Exit.]

*Phil.* The time may come ere long, so I divine,  
To punish those that at their power repine.

*Enter a PURSUIVANT, meeting the CLOWN.*

*Purs.* Whither away so fast, sirrah? In the Queen's name, I command you stay.

*Clown.* What are you that look so big?

*Purs.* A pursuivant.

*Clown.* If you be so pursy, can you lend us any money? I assure you, it was the last business we were about. Or else, tell me the reason why you stay my passage.

*Purs.* Sirrah, I have a Proclamation to publish, and because myself am something hoarse, and thou hast a large wide mouth, and a laudable voice, I charge thee, for the better understanding of the multitude, to speak after me, word by word.

*Clown.* If it be nothing else, do but advance me, and I'll speak high enough. Come now and teach me my new lesson.

*Purs.* "Whereas two famous Rovers on the Sea."

*Clown.* Whereas two famous Rogues upon the Sea.

*Purs.* "Purser and Clinton."

*Clown.* That lost their purses at the Clink.

*Purs.* "Long since proclaimed pirates."

*Clown.* Long since proclaimed spirits.

*Purs.* "Notwithstanding Her Majesty's commission."

*Clown.* Notwithstanding Her Majesty's condition.

*Purs.* "Still keep out."

*Clown.* And will not come in.

*Purs.* "And have of late spoiled a ship of Exeter."

*Clown.* And have of late spoiled all the sheep in the Exchequer.

*Purs.* "And thrown the chief merchant overboard."

*Clown.* And thrown the merchants' cheeses overboard.

*Purs.* "I, therefore, in Her Majesty's name."

*Clown.* I, therefore, in the name of Her Majesty.

*Purs.* "Proclaim to him or them."

*Clown.* Proclaim to them or him.

*Purs.* "That can bring in these pirates' ships or heads."

*Clown.* That can bring in these piecrusts or sheeps'-heads.

*Purs.* "A thousand pound sterling."

*Clown.* A thousand stares and starlings.

*Purs.* "If a banish'd man, his country."

*Clown.* If a man, he shall be banish'd his country.

*Purs.* "If a condemned man, liberty."

*Clown.* If a man at liberty, condemned.

*Purs.* "Besides her Majesty's especial favour."

*Clown.* Besides her Majesty's spectacles and favour.

*Purs.* "And so God save the Queen!"

*Clown.* And have you done now, sir?

*Purs.* I have. Farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Clown.* Farewell, Mr. Pursuivant: he hath so filled my head with proclamations.

[*Exit.*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*On board of Ship. A great alarum, and shot. Enter PURSER and CLINTON, with Mariners, bringing in the MERCHANT, bound prisoner, with others.*

*Purs.* Now, valiant mates, you have maintain'd this fight  
With courage, and with wonted hardiment.  
The spoil of this rich ship we will divide  
In equal shares; and not the mean'st of any  
But by the custom of the sea may challenge,  
According to his place, rights in the spoil.  
Tho' outlaws, we keep laws amongst ourselves:  
Else we could have no certain government.

*Clin.* A gallant prize, and bravely purchas'd, too,  
With loss of blood on both sides. A sea-fight  
Was never better manag'd, nor exploited  
With more exchange of hostile opposition.  
We did not look for such a valiant spirit  
In any merchant's breast; nor did we think

A ship of such small burthen, so weak mann'd,  
Would have endur'd so hot and proud a fight.

*Merch.* Nor did I think the Providence of Heaven  
Would so have favour'd men of base condition,  
Such as profess wrong, piracy, and theft,  
Have spoil'd my men, and ransack'd every corner  
Of my surpris'd bark ; seiz'd all my substance,  
And shar'd amongst you my best merchandize ;  
And not alone undone me, and in me  
All that are mine, but in o'erwhelming us,  
Shook the estate of all my creditors.

*Purs.* What's that to us ? men of our known condition  
Must cast behind our backs all such respects.  
We left our consciences upon the land,  
When we began to rob upon the sea.

*Clin.* We know we're pirates, and profess to rob ;  
And would'st not have us freely use our trade ?  
If thou and thine be quite undone by us,  
We made by thee ; impute it to thy fortune,  
And not to any injury in us ;  
For he that's born to be a beggar, know,  
Howe'er he toils and trafficks, must die so.

*Merch.* If you must needs profess this thriving trade,  
Yet since the seas afford such choice of store,  
You might, methinks, have spar'd your countrymen.

*Purs.* Nay, since our country have proclaim'd us pirates,  
And cut us off from any claim on England,  
We'll be no longer now call'd Englishmen.

*Merch.* Clinton, I know thee, and have us'd thy skill,  
Ere now in a good vessel of my own,  
Before thou took'st this desp'rate course of life.  
Perhaps if now thou dost me a good office,  
Time may enable me to quit thy love.

*Clin.* Troth, I could wish we had light of any other ;  
But since thy fate hath cast thee upon us,

We must neglect no opportunity.  
For they that intermit advantages,  
Must know Occasion's head is bald behind.  
My merry mates, come top your cans apace,  
Pile up your chests with prizes to the lids,  
And stuff the vast hold of our empty ship  
With such rich wares as this our prize affords.  
Supple your biscuits with such choice of wines,  
As freely come, brought by th' auspicious winds,  
T'unlade themselves and seek for stowage here ;  
Since wine comes freely, let's make spare of beer.

*Purs.* Let cans of wine pass round in healths thro' all.  
Such golden prizes come not ev'ry day ;  
Nor can we always meet such choice of spoils.  
First, bind the Merchant ; lay him fast in hold,  
And, having seiz'd all his best merchandize,  
Pierce with your ordnance thro' his ship's craz'd keel,  
And sink her down into the deep abyss,  
Whence not all the cranes in Europe or the world  
Can weigh her out again.

*Clin.* Let it be so.

Lest she prove prize unto a second foe.

*Merch.* Be't as my fate shall please. My loss I value  
But as goods lent me, now to be paid back.  
But that which most afflicts my sorrowful soul  
Is that my friends have ventur'd largely with me,  
Especially my sister, who I fear  
Will brook that ill which I with patience bear.

*Purs.* Place him below the hatches as our prisoner ;  
And now to part our purchase, bravely won,  
Ev'n with the hazard of our dearest lives.

*Clin.* The danger past still makes the purchase sweet.  
Come, first drink round, my merry mates ; that done,  
Divide in peace what we by war have won.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*On board a privateer. Enter Young FOREST, like a Captain of a Ship, with Sailors and Mariners, entering with a flourish.*

*Young For.* Gentlemen, and my merry mates at sea !  
Those special favours you have crown'd me with  
Can never be deserv'd upon my part,  
So weak is my ability and knowledge  
In navigation and exploits at sea.  
Yet since your loves so far exceed my worth,  
That, of an unexperienc'd gentleman,  
You have preferr'd me above many other  
To be your captain and command your ship,  
I hope to bear myself so even and upright  
In this my charge, that it shall not repent you  
Of the least honour to my grace decreed.

1. *Mar.* Our captain being lately slain in fight,  
We by your valour scap'd our enemies,  
And made their ship our prize. Since we first knew you,  
All our attempts succeeded prosperously,  
And Heav'n hath better blest us for your sake.

2. *Mar.* When first we took you to our fellowship,  
We had a poor bark of some fifteen ton,  
And that was all our riches. But since then  
We have took many a rich prize from Spain,  
And got a gallant vessel stoutly mann'd,  
And well provided of ordnance and small shot,  
Of men and ammunition, that we now  
Dare cope with any carrack that does trade  
For Spain.

*Young For.* We dare do anything that stands with justice,  
Our country's honour and the reputation  
Of our own names. But amongst all our spoils,  
I wonder we have 'scap'd the valiant pirates,

That are so much renown'd upon the sea.  
That were a conquest worth the hazarding.  
Besides a thousand pounds' reward propos'd  
To that advent'rer that can bring them in,  
My peace and pardon, tho' a man condemn'd,  
Is by the proclamation ratified.

1. *Mar.* The ocean scarce can bear their outrages,  
They are so violent, confounding all,  
And sparing none, not their own countrymen.  
We could not do our country greater service,  
Than, in their pûrsuit, to engage our lives.

*Young For.* Ay, could we meet those Rovers on the Sea,  
So famous for their piracies and thefts,  
So fear'd of all that trade for merchandize,  
So proud of their strong vessels, and stout gings,  
That man her with their proud artillery,  
That thunders wrack to every ship alike;  
Oh, with what ardour and inflam'd desire  
Would we in the mid sea encounter them!  
Climb to the main-top, boy. See what you ken there!

*Boy.* I shall, I shall, sir.

*Young For.* We seek for purchase, but we tak't from foes,  
And such is held amongst us lawful spoil.  
But such as are our friends and countrymen  
We succour with the best supply we have  
Of victuals or munition, being distrest.

*Boy. (above).* Ho there!

1. *Mar.* Eh, boy?

*Boy.* A sail.

1. *Mar.* Whence is she?

*Boy.* That I cannot ken. She appears to me out of our  
hemisphere; no bigger than a crow.

*Young For.* Descry her better.  
Oh, that it were the desp'rate pirate's ship,  
On that condition we might grapple straight,



And try our desp'rate fortunes on ev'n change !  
But I that have been born to misery  
Can never be so happy. Oh, my fate !  
When shall I pass away this tedious night ?  
Or when, my stars, will you burn out more bright ?

*Boy.* Boatswain, ho !

1. *Mar.* Whence comes thy ken ?

*Boy.* She makes from south to west.

2. *Mar.* How bears she ?

*Boy.* To the leeward.

*Young For.* Clap on more sail, and quickly fetch her up.  
What colours bears her maintop ?

*Boy.* She's not so near in ken.

*Young For.* Discover her more amply. Now, my mates,  
Prepare yourselves ; for it may be some prize.  
You, master Gunner, load your ordnance well,  
And look well to your cartridges and fire :  
See that your gunner-room be clear and free,  
Your matches bear good coals, your priming powder  
Pounded, not dank. Next charge your murderers  
For fear of boarding. Steersman, port the helm,  
And bear up tow'rds them. Be they friends or foes,  
We'll hail them, if Heav'n please. And, Master, you  
Heed well your compass. Boatswain, with your whistle  
Command the sailors to the upper deck,  
To know their quarters, and to hear their charge.

*Boy.* Captain, ho !

*Young For.* The news ? Whence is her flag ?

*Boy.* She bears the cross of England and St. George.

*Young For.* Then she's a friend for England ; and St. George  
Our gallant vessel in her main top bears,  
And all our preparations needless then.

*Boy.* Arm, rather ; for I see them from afar  
Make all provision for a present fight :  
They've managed their hatches, hung their pendants out, dis-

play'd their ensigns, up with all their fights ; their matches in their cocks ; their smoking linstocks are likewise fired within their gunners' hands ; and hark ! they shoot already.

[*A shot heard.*]

*Young For.* Come, descend.

The pirate ! Fortune, thou art then my friend !

Now, valiant friends and soldiers, man the deck,

Draw up your fights, and lace your drablers on ;

Whilst I myself make good the forecastle,

And ply my musket in the front of death.

Quarter yourselves in order, some abaft,

Some in the ship's waist, all in martial order.

Our spritsail, topsail, and topgallant sail,

Our mainsail, bolt-sprit, and our mizen too,

Are hung with waving pendants ; and the colours

Of England and St. George fly in the stern.

We fight against the foe we all desire.

Alarum, trumpets ! gunner, straight give fire !

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*On board the Pirate-vessel. Enter PURSER and CLINTON, with their Mariners, all furnished with sea-devices, fitting for a fight.*

*Clin.* Give them a full broadside. Oh, Mr. Gunner, your upper tier of ordnance shot over. You gave not one shot between wind and water, in all this skirmish.

*Gun.* Sir, you speak not well. I pierced them with my chace-piece through and through. Part of their capstraining too I, with a piece abaft, shot overboard.

*Purs.* Oh ! 'twas a gallant shot ! I saw it shatter some of their limbs in pieces. Shall we grapple, and lay their ship aboard ? where be these irons to hook them fast ?

*Clin.* I fear they are too well manned ;  
For see the gunner, ready to give fire

Unto their murderers, if we stay to board them.

Shall we set sail and leave them ?

*Purs.* How can we, when our ship has sprung a leak !

Being ready now to founder in the sea ?

Some ply the pump. Oh, for one lucky bullet,

To take their mainmast off ! He that can make it

Shall have a treble share in this next prize.

*Gun.* I shall go near it from my lower tier.

*Clin.* Gunner, do that : 'tis all that we desire. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*On board the Privateer. Enter Young FOREST and his  
Mariners.*

1. *Mar.* Where is the gunner, captain ?

*Young For.* Where he should not be. At his pray'rs, I  
think.

Is this a time to pray, when the sea's mouth

Seems to spit fire, and all the billows burn ?

Come, hand with me, and we will board the pirates

Instantly.

1. *Mar.* Hoist up more sails and fetch 'em roundly up,  
And with their gallant vessel grapple straight.

*Young For.* I spy the pirates in the very prow

And forehead of their ship, both wafting us

With their bright swords. Now, steersman, take thy turn ;

And, boatswain, with your baser trumpet's sound

Mingle your whistle's shrill. Oh, 'tis a music

The mermaids love !

1. *Mar.* Who hates it, that's a soldier ?

2. *Mar.* Thy linstock, gunner ! take thy level right :  
The wind is our's to help us in the fight.

*Young For.* It blows a stiff gale. It makes all for us :  
Ev'ry commander once more to his charge !  
He that this day shall die, dies honorably :  
The cannon's basilisks and ordinance

Shall toll his fun'ral peal ; and some, now sound,  
Shall die three deaths in one, shot, burnt, and drown'd.  
Come, spare no powder till you see our ship,  
Whose hard, tough ribs, hew'd from the heart of oak,  
Now black with pitch, be painted blue with smoke. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*On board the Pirate ship. A great alarum and flourish. Enter Young FORREST and his mates, with PURSER and CLINTON, with their Mariners, prisoners.*

*Young For.* First, thanks to Heav'n for this great victory,  
Bought with the fearful hazard of our lives,  
And large expense of blood on either part.

*Purs.* We now are captives that made others thrall.  
Thus ebbs may flow, and highest tides may fall.

*Clin.* The latest day must come to have his date :  
Stars govern all, and none can change his fate.

*Young For.* Such pris'ners, as these pirates keep in hold,  
Release them straight. The riches of their ship  
We 'mongst you will divide in equal shares ;  
To ev'ry man's desert, estate, and place.

*Purs.* Fortune, I put defiance in thy face !  
Thy best we've tasted, and thy worst we know.  
We can but pay what we to Nature owe.

*Enter the Merchant, brought in with other Prisoners.*

*Merch.* Surpris'd again ! whose pris'ner am I now ?  
I'm Fortune's ball. Whither am I bandied ?  
Having lost all before, is't possible  
That I can now be made a second prize ?  
I lost my wealth in my first hostile strife ;  
And nothing now is left me save my life.

*Young For.* These pris'ners we will, at our further leisure,  
Peruse, and know their fortunes and estates.

*Merch.* That captain I should know. That face of his  
Is with mine eye familiar. Sure 'tis he  
Whose life I, by my sister's means, preserv'd,  
With money and apparel furnish'd him,  
And got him place at sea ; and hath he now  
Forgot me ? What, not know me ? The world right !  
When rich we honour, being poor we spight.  
Ne'er look so strange. I do not mean to claim  
Acquaintance of such men as are ingrate.  
All my good deeds, once done, I throw behind,  
Whose meed in heav'n, not earth, I look to find.

*Young For.* That merchant I have known ; and now I better  
Survey him, 'tis the man to whom I owe  
All that I have, my fortunes, nay, my life.  
What reason have you, sir, to fly me so ?  
Since unto you, and to your brother's wife,  
My hopes, my power, my whole estate is due,  
From whom my means and all my fortunes grew.

*Merch.* Do you know me, then ?

*Young For.* Think you I can forget,  
Or slightly cancel such a countless debt ?  
Behold my ship, my conquest, and my prize,  
These pris'ners, with my full command, is your's ;  
Your's, only your's : they at your service rest.  
Alas ! dear friend, how came you thus distrest ?

*Merch.* These pirates robb'd me, and have seiz'd my goods,  
With which they've stuff'd their hold. My brother's venture  
With mine own substance they have made their spoil.

*Young For.* All which, behold, I re-deliver you,  
And to the utmost farthing will restore.  
Besides, I make you partner in our prize,  
And herein am I only fortunate  
To prove a grateful debtor.

*Merch.* Your gratitude exceeds all courtesies,  
Both of my sister's party and my own.

*Young For.* It comes much short of either. Oh, dear sir,  
 Should I forget your friendship, show'd in want,  
 And done in my extremest poverty,  
 It were a sin, of heav'n unpardonable.  
 This pirate's ship, load with your merchandize,  
 You shall straight man for England, where arriv'd,  
 Commend me to the mirror of her sex,  
 Your sister, in the humblest phrase you can,  
 To whom deliver, as from me, this jewel,  
 The best our voyage yields. Tell her, from me,  
 That gentleman, whose innocent life she sav'd,  
 Hath, by that token, her remembrance crav'd.  
 To my brother and my sister, this small sum,  
 To buy their service from their father's hand,  
 And free them from his slavish servitude.

*Merch.* I shall do all you will; and thus o'ersway'd,  
 Needs must report your debts are doubly paid.

*Young For.* Having my pardon purchas'd, and my pris'ners  
 Deliver'd to the sentence of the law,  
 My next affairs shall be to visit her.

*Purs.* Our case is otherwise. Our next affairs  
 Is to betake us to our beads and prayers.

*Clin.* Be as be may, base Fortune I defy;  
 We bravely liv'd; and I'll as boldly die.

*Young For.* Hoist sail for England, with our long-wish'd  
 prize,  
 Whilst we applaud that Fortune he defies. [*Exeunt.*

#### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old HARDING, Mrs. HARDING, FOSTER, GOODWIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, PHILIP, and SUSAN, the two last setting forth a table.*

*Old Har.* You are welcome, gentlemen. Come, take your  
 places

As your degrees are. Wife, the chair is your's.

My loving boys, sit. Let the servants wait.

*John.* Brother, that's you.

*Old Har.* This day I do entreat you, gentlemen,  
After the table's ended, to be witness  
Unto some deeds that must inherit these,  
And him that is my eldest quite disable ;  
To which I must entreat your friendly hands.

*Fos.* Mine is still at your service.

*Good.* So is mine, sir.

*Wil.* Oh, day long-look'd for !

*John.* Now shall we live like two young emperors. Oh,  
day worthy to be writ in the almanack in red letters, for a  
most famous holyday !

*Phil.* Well, jest on, gentlemen : when all is tried,  
I hope my patience will exceed your pride.

*Wil.* Wait at my elbow with a clean trencher, Phil. Do  
your duty, and have your due. You know your place. Be  
ready with a glass of beer, and when I say fill, fill.

*Enter the CLOWN.*

*Clown.* If please your worship, here is a manner or a kind  
of some fowl desires to have some conference with you.

*Old Har.* A sea-fowl !

*Clown.* Yes, a sea-gull. I mean a mariner. He says he  
hath some news to tell you from my mistress her brother at  
sea.

*Old Har.* Touching my venture. Prithee, guide him in.

*Clown.* He smells, as they say, of pitch and tar. If you  
will have him to perfume the room with his sea-musk, I'll  
shew him the way instantly.

*Old Har.* I prithee do, and that with expedition.

*Mrs. H.* I did not look thus soon to hear from him.

*Old Har.* I fear some strange mishap hath late befall'n  
him.

*Enter SAILOR and CLOWN.*

*Mrs. H.* Now, honest friend, the news! How fares my brother?

*Old Hard.* How doth my venture prosper?

*Sail.* Sir, your ship is taken, all your goods by pirates seiz'd,

Your brother pris'ner, and of all your venture  
There's not the value of one penny sav'd.

*Old Hard.* That news hath pierc'd my soul, and enter'd me  
Quite through my heart: I'm on the sudden sick,  
Sick of (I fear) a mortal malady. Oh, oh!

*John.* How is it with my father?

*Old Hard.* Worse and worse.  
The news of such a great and weighty loss  
Kills all my vitals in me.

*Wil.* Father! for Heaven's sake, father, die not yet, before  
you have made over your land.

*John.* That were a jest, indeed! why, father, father!

*Old Hard.* Trouble me not. If I survive this night,  
You two shall be my heirs.

*Wil.* This night, if it be thy will.

*Mrs. H.* Alas! how fare you, sir?

*John.* Take courage, father.

*Old Hard.* Son, lead me hence, and bear me to my bed.  
My strength doth fail; I cannot help myself.

*Wil.* Run, run for the writings. They are ready drawn at  
the scrivener's. Bid him bring them quickly, with a ven-  
gance.

*Old Hard.* Let them alone. My hand hath not the strength  
To guide my pen. Let them alone, I say.  
Support me to my bed; and, my kind neighbours,  
Assist me with your pray'rs; for, I divine,  
My soul this night shall amongst angels shine.

*John.* Marry, Heaven forbid! Can he find no time to



die but now? Come, let's in; and haunt his ghost about the writings. [*Exeunt.*

*Manent* GOODWIN and FOSTER.

*Fos.* 'Tis strange the bare report of such a loss  
Should strike a man so deeply to the heart!

*Good.* I oft have read the like. How some have died  
With sudden joy, some with exceeding grief.

*Fos.* If he should die intestate, all the land  
Falls to the elder brother; and the younger  
Have nothing, save mere from his courtesy.

*Good.* I know it, neither lands nor moveables.  
Come, let us hear what further news within.

*Enter the* CLOWN.

*Clown.* O, my master, my master! what shall I do for my  
poor master? the kind churl is departed! never did poor hard-  
hearted wretch pass out of the world so like a lamb! alas!  
for my poor, usuring, extortioning master! many an old  
widow hast thou turned into the street, and many an orphan  
made beg their bread! Oh, my sweet, cruel, kind, pitiless,  
loving, hard-hearted master! he's dead; he's dead; he's gone;  
he's fled; and now full low must lie his head! Oh, my sweet,  
vile, kind, flinty, mild, uncharitable master!

*Fos.* Dead on the sudden? 'tis exceeding strange!  
Yet for the eldest son it happens well.

*Good.* Ill for the younger brother.

*Enter* WILLIAM and JOHN.

*Wil.* Jack!

*John.* Will!

*Wil.* The land's gone.

*John.* Father's dead.

*Wil.* We have made a fair hand on't, have we not? who  
shall fill the glass now? and wait upon our trenchers?

*John.* Nay, who must go to plough, and make clean the hen-roost, rub horse-heels, lead the wains, remove the billets, cleanse the shoes; and, indeed, who must do all the drudgery about the house?

*Wil.* Could he find no time to die but now? I could even cry for anger. Here they come!

*Enter PHILIP and SUSAN, well habited, the former with bags of money, Mrs. HARDING, and others.*

*Phil.* My father's dead.

*Mrs. H.* Alas! for my dear husband!

*Phil.* Comfort yourself; altho' he die intestate,  
It shall not hurt you. We have found you kind,  
And shall be now as willing to requite you,  
As able. How now, brothers! do you weep?  
And bear a part with us in heaviness?  
No, no; your griefs and ours are contrary.  
I grieve I've lost a father; she a husband!  
This doth not move you: you lamenting stand,  
Not for a father's loss, but loss of land.  
Do you remember with what rude despight,  
What base contempt, and slavish contumely,  
You have despis'd me and my dear-lov'd wife?

*John.* We partly remember it.

*Phil.* So do not I.

I have forgot it quite. In sign whereof,  
Though had you got my lands, Heav'n knows how ill  
You would have dealt with me, thus I'll use you.

Receive your patrimony. *[gives them the bags.]*

*Clown.* No more fellow Phil now; but here receive your proportions!

*Phil.* Your diet if you please is at my table,  
Or where you please, if you refuse my kindness.

*Wil.* Kindness unlook'd for! thanks, gentle brother.

*John.* Why, this gold will never be spent.

*Clown.* Oh, it is an easy thing to bring this mountain to a mole-hill.

*John.* This is more of your courtesies, than our deserving. To trouble your table, being so many ordinaries in town, were somewhat superfluous.

*Phil.* Spend but in compass. Rioting eschew.  
Waste not, but seek t'increase, your patrimony.  
Beware of dice and women. Company  
With men of best desert and quality.  
Lay but these words into your hearts enroll'd ;  
You'll find them better than these bags of gold.

*Wil.* Thanks for your coin and counsel. Come, Jack, this shall be lavished among the suburbs. Here's drink-money, dice-money, and drab-money. Here's money by the back, and money by the belly. Here's that shall make us merry in claret, muskadine, and sherry. Farewell, brother !

*John.* My most bounteous brother.

[*Exeunt.*

*Clown.* Farewell, young masters.

*Phil.* (*to GOOD. and FOS.*) And now my vile friends, such as fawn on plenty !

And cannot bear the very name of want !

*Clown.* We have found the mine now.

*Phil.* You that disabled once the power of Heaven,  
And scorn'd my state, unable to be rais'd !

*Clown.* You see, here's your tale and your talesman.

*Phil.* Take heed, lest here, for your unthankfulness,  
That which once rais'd do not remove your estates.  
God be with you ! henceforth, howe'er you speed,  
Trust not in riches, and despise not need.

*Clown.* One threescore pound will do it.

[*Exeunt GOODWIN and FOSTER.*

*Phil.* Mother, the thirds of all my father's lands  
Are your's, with whatsoever you like else.  
And now, sweet Sue ! it glads me I shall make thee

Partner of all this plenty, that bor'st part  
With me in all extreme necessities.

*Sus.* You're all my wealth ; nor can I taste of want,  
Whilst I keep you. O, would these fortunes raise  
My downcast father, or repeal my brother,  
My banish'd brother, to his native home,  
I were in all my thoughts at peace with Heaven !

*Phil.* All that I have is their's. My only sorrow,  
Next to my father, is in part for them,-  
And next for your dear brother (*to Mrs. HARDING*) ta'en at  
sea,

Whose loss, if he survive, we will repair,  
Ev'n with the best of our ability.  
But come unto our father's burial first,  
Whom, tho' his life brought sorrow, death content,  
We cannot but with fun'ral tears lament.

*Clown.* And now no fellows, unless it be at foot-ball.

[*Exeunt PHIL., SUSAN, and CLOWN.*]

*Mrs. H.* Heaven, being just, could not deal longer roughly  
With one so virtuous and completely honest.  
He merits all he hath. But to my state :  
I am at once doubly unfortunate :  
I have lost a husband and a brother, too.

*Enter MERCHANT.*

*Merch.* A husband, sister, but no brother. Lo !  
That brother lives.

*Mrs. H.* And can it, heaven, be so ?

*Merch.* You are the cause I live.

*Mrs. H.* I, brother ? how ?

Tidings were brought into this place but now  
Your ship was spoil'd—you pris'ner.

*Merch.* And 'twas true :

Yet, all these losses I regain'd by you.

*Mrs. H.* By me ?

*Merch.* By you. And, sister, thus it was :  
You sav'd the life of a young gentleman,  
Whom for your sake I furnish'd out to sea.  
He, when my ship was taken, I surpris'd,  
And bound, and cast in hold, restor'd my fortunes,  
And, besides, all my merchandize restored,  
Wherein you bare chief venture, made me sharer  
Of the rich pirates' prize.

*Mrs. H.* That gentleman ?

*Merch.* The self same, in whose life, you  
Did save yourself some thousand pounds, I have.  
As further token of his gratitude,  
In this choice jewel he commends to you  
Millions of gratulations and kind thanks,  
Besides unto his sister store of gold,  
To redeem her wretched husband and herself  
From my deceased brother's slavery,  
Which now I see pale death hath done for them.

*Mrs. H.* You speak of unexpected novelties,  
With which we will acquaint their sorrowful souls.  
These tokens will be joyful to them both,  
And tidings of his safety welcomer  
Than that great sum by him regain'd at sea.

*Merch.* We do them wrong to keep news of such joy  
So long from them, which we'll no longer smother.  
Two thousand pounds I bring you, and a brother. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Near Execution Dock. Enter the Sheriffs ; the Marshal of the Admiralty, with the Silver Oar ; PURSER and CLINTON, going to execution.*

*Purs.* Now, how is it with thee, Clinton ?

*Clin.* Well, well.

*Purs.* But was't not better when we reign'd as lords,

Nay, kings, at sea ? the ocean was our realm ;  
And the light billows in the which we sail'd  
Our hundreds, nay, our shires, and provinces,  
That brought us annual profit. Those were days.

*Clin.* Yes, golden days ; but now our last night's come,  
And we must sleep in darkness.

*Purs.* Worthy mate,  
We have a flash left of some half-hour long,  
That let us burn out bravely ; not behind us  
Leave a black, noisome snuff of cowardice  
In the nostrils of our noble countrymen.  
Let's die no base example.

*Clin.* Thinks Tom Watton,  
Whom storms could never move nor tempests daunt,  
Rocks terrify, nor swallowing gulphs affright,  
To whom the base abyss in roughest rage  
Shew'd like a pleasant garden in a calm,  
And the sea-monsters but like beasts at land  
Of profit or pleasure, Clinton can be affrighted  
With a halter ? Hemp him strangle that thinks of him  
So basely !

*Purs.* In that word thou hast put a second sentence  
Of our lives. Yet, Clinton, never wast my thoughts of  
thee.

Oh, the naval triumphs thou and I have seen,  
Nay, ourselves made, when on the seas at once  
Have been as many bonfires, as in towns  
Kindled upon a night of jubilee ;  
As many ordnance thund'ring in the clouds  
As at kings' coronations ; and dead bodies  
Heav'd from the hatches, and cast overboard,  
As fast and thick as in some common pest,  
When the plague sweeps cities.

*Clin.* That it had swept us then, too ! So the seas  
Had been to us a glorious monument,

Where now the fates have cast us on the shelf,  
To hang 'twixt air and water.

*Sher.* Gentlemen,  
Your limited hour draws nigh.

*Purs.* Ay, that's the plague we spoke of ; yet no greater  
Than some before have tasted ; and hereafter  
Many be bound to suffer ; and if Purser  
(As dying men do seldom deem amiss)  
Presage not wrong, how many gallant spirits,  
Equal with us in fame, shall this gulph swallow,  
And make this silver oar to blush in blood !  
How many captains that have aw'd the seas,  
Shall fall on this unfortunate piece of land !  
Some that commanded islands ; some to whom  
The Indian mines paid tribute, the Turk vail'd !  
But when we that have quak'd, nay, troubled floods,  
And made armadoes fly before our stream,  
Shall founder thus, be split and lost,  
Then be it no impeachment to their fame,  
Since Purser and bold Clinton did the same !

*Clin.* What, is our ship well tackled ? We may launch  
Upon this desp'rate voyage ?

*Hang.* Corded bravely.

*Purs.* Call up the boatswain ! Soundly lash the slave  
With a rope's end. Have him unto the chest,  
Or duck him at the main-yard.

*Hang.* Have me to the chest ? I must first have you to the  
gallows. And for ducking, I am afraid I shall see you ducked  
and draked too.

*Purs.* Oh, you brave navigators, that have seen,  
Or ever had yourselves, command aboard,  
That knew our empire there, and our fall now,  
Pity at least us that are made the scorn  
Of a base common hangman !

*Sher.* Thou dost ill to offend them at their deaths.

*Hang.* I have, and long to make an end of them.

*Purs.* Hadst thou but two months since wrinkled a brow,  
Look'd but askew, much less unloos'd thy lips  
To speak—Speak, said I? nay, but lodg'd a thought  
Or murmur of the least affront to us,  
Thee, basest of all worms'-meat, I had made  
Unwholesome food for haddocks! But I ha' done.

*Clin.* Enough, Tom Watton, with these sheets, not sails,  
A stiff gale blows to split us on yon rock.

*Purs.* And set sail from the fatal Marshal seas, and Wapping is our harbour, a quicksand that shall swallow many a brave marine-soldier, of whose valour, experience, skill, and naval discipline, (being lost) I wish this land may never have need! But what star must we sail by? or what compass?

*Hang.* I know not the star: but here's your compass.

*(shewing the rope.)*

*Purs.* Yes, that way points the needle. That way we steer a sad course, plague of the pilot! Hear you, Mr. Sheriff! you see we wear good clothes: they are paid for and our own. Then give us leave our own amongst our friends to distribute. There's sir, for you. *(gives coat and hat to his followers.)*

*Clin.* And you. *(does the like.)*

*Purs.* The workman that made them took never measure on a hangman's back. Wear them for our sakes, and remember us. There's some content for him, too.

*(Gives money to the Hangman.)*

*Hang.* Thank your worships.

*Clin.* I would your knaveship had our worships' place,  
If hanging now be held so worshipful.

*Purs.* But now our sun is setting: night comes on.  
The wat'ry wilderness o'er which we reigned  
Proves in our ruins peaceful. Merchants trade  
Fearless abroad as in the river's mouth,



And free as in a harbour. Then, fair Thames,  
 Queen of fresh water, famous thro' the world,  
 And not the least thro' us, whose double tides  
 Must overflow our bodies ; and, being dead,  
 May thy clear waves our scandals wash away,  
 But keep our valours living ! Now, lead on.—  
 Clinton ! thus, arm in arm, let's march to death ;  
 And, wheresoe'er our names are memoriz'd,  
 The world report two valiant pirates fell,  
 Shot betwixt wind and water. So farewell !

*[Exeunt in procession.]*

### SCENE III.

*Old HARDING'S House. Enter Old FORREST and Young FORREST.*

*Old For.* A father's blessing, more than all thy honours,  
 Crown thee, and make thy fortunes growing still !  
 Oh, heav'ns ! I shall be too importunate  
 To ask more earthly favours at your hands,  
 Now that you, after all these miseries,  
 Have still reserv'd my son safe and unscorn'd.  
 Besides thy pardon and thy country's freedom,  
 What favours hath her Grace conferr'd on thee ?

*Young For.* More than my pardon and the meed propos'd,  
 To grace the rest, she styl'd me with the Order  
 Of Knighthood ; and, for the service of my country,  
 With promise of employments of more weight.  
 The pirates were committed to the Marshalsea,  
 Condemn'd already, and this day to die.  
 And now, as part of my neglected duty,  
 It rests I visit that fair gentlewoman  
 To whom I stand indebted for my life.  
 That necessary duty once perform'd,

Out of my present fortunes, to distribute  
Some present comfort to my sister's wants.

*Old For.* A grateful friend thou art, a kind, dear brother,  
And a most loving son.

*Enter Mrs. HARDING, PHILIP, SUSAN, and Merchant.*

*Phil.* Sir, more than all these fortunes now befall'n me,  
A fate midst all disaster unexpected,  
My noble brother's late success at sea  
Hath fill'd me with a surplusage of joy.  
Nor am I least of all endear'd to you,  
To be the first reporter.

*Merch.* 'Tis most true ;  
And I the man that in the most distress  
Had first share of his bounty.

*Mrs. H.* Of his goodness  
We have had sufficient taste already ;  
But to be made more happy in his sight  
Would plenally rejoice us.

*Sus.* It would prove  
Like surfeit after sweetmeats.

*Young For.* See all my friends ; but first let me salute  
Her to whom I am most bound.

*Sus.* My most dear father !

*Old For.* My blessing, meeting with a husband's love,  
Make thy years long and happy !

*Mrs. H. (to Young For.)* You are most grateful,  
And much beyond my merit.

*Sus.* O, spare me, sir !  
To fly into his arms that hath so long  
Fled from me !

*Young For.* My sweet sister !

*Phil.* Bar me not all the blest fruition  
Of what in part you've tasted. Sir, I am one  
Amongst the rest that love you.

*Young For.* I take't, my sister's husband ! unto me  
Therefore one most intir'd.

*Merch.* Sir, the same ;  
And I, tho' last in my acknowledgment,  
Yet first in due arrearage.

*Young For.* You I know  
To be a worthy merchant, and my friend,  
To whose, next to your sister's, courtesy  
I stand engag'd most for a forfeit life.  
But him, next to the Pow'rs divine above,  
I ever must adore. And now, fair creature,  
I dare more boldly look upon the face  
Of your good man than when I saw you last.

*Merch.* And that's some question.

*Young For.* Wherefore hath that word  
Struck you with sudden sadness ?

*Mrs. H.* My husband !

*Phil.* He's late dead, and yet hath left her  
None of the poorest widows.

*Young For.* Dead, did you say ?  
And I a bachelor ? now on whom better  
Or justlier can I confer myself  
Than to be her's by whom I have my being,  
And live to her that freely gave me life ?  
There is a providence that prompts me to't,  
And I will give it motion.. Gentle lady,  
By you I am, and what I am by you  
Be then to me, as I have styl'd you last,  
A Lady ! Heav'ns have made you my preserver,  
To preserve me for yourself ; losing a husband,  
Who knows but you have sav'd me to that end,  
That lost name to recover ? and by me  
Sweet interchange and double gratitude ?  
I left you sped, but find you now despoil'd.

Married, you ventur'd for my single life,  
Widow'd, by me to gain the name of wife.

*Merch.* What, pause at the motion? You are not  
My sister, if you deny him.

*Phil.* Let me plead for him.

*Sus.* O, doubly link me to you! be you styl'd  
My brother and my father.

*Old For.* With you let my age join, and make me proud  
To say that, in my last of days, barren of issue,  
I have got so fair a daughter.

*Young For.* Sweet, your answer?

*Mrs. H.* Sir, I should much mistake my own fair ends,  
Should I alone withstand so many friends.  
I am your's, and only so.

*Young For.* I your's the same;  
And, Lady, now I kiss you by that name.

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* What, kissing already! then I smell another wedding  
towards; and in no fitter time than now. Prepare yourselves,  
gentlemen and gentlewomen. Make a hall! for I come to  
present you with a mask.

*Phil.* What mask?

*Clown.* Not such as ladies wear upon their faces, to keep the  
foul from the fair; but a plain mask, or rather more properly  
I may call it a mumming, because the presenters have scarce  
a word to speak for themselves.

*Phil.* If there be any that appear as friends,  
And come to grace our feast in courtesy,  
Admit 'em, prithee.

*Clown.* That shall I, sir, and with all expedition,  
And that without drum, without fife, or musician.

*Enter WILLIAM, JOHN, GOODWIN, and FOSTER.*

These two lines shall serve for the prologue. Now enter,

*Scena prima—Dramatis personæ.* These be the actors. Yet let me entreat you not to condemn them before you hear them speak.

*Phil.* Amazement startles me. Are these my brothers?

*Clown.* By the father's side, it should seem; for you know he was a hard man; and, it should seem, 'tis but a hard world with them.

*Phil.* And these my false friends, that distrusted Heaven, And put their faith in riches? I pray, gentlemen, How comes this change?

*John.* How comes this change, say you? no change of pastures, which they say makes fat calves, but change of drink, change of women, change of ordinaries, change of gaming, and one wench in the Change—all these help'd to make this change in us.

*Wil.* And change is no robbery. I have been robbed, but not at ruff; yet they that have robbed, you see, what a poor stock they have left me. A whore stole away my maidenhead; ill company my good conditions; a broker robbed me of my apparel; drink of my wits; and dice of my money.

*Phil.* This is no more than expectation.  
But how come *you* thus alter'd?

(*To GOODWIN and FOSTER.*)

*Clown.* If you had said halter'd, sir, you had gone more roundly to the business.

*Fos.* Sir, there was coining laid to my charge, for which (tho' I acquit myself) I made my estate over unto a friend, (for so I thought him) but now he has cozen'd me, and turned me out of all.

*Good.* In dead of night my counting-house was broke ope by thieves, and all my coin (which was my whole estate and the god I then did trust in) stole away; I left a forlorn beggar.

*Phil.* Oh, wond'rous! why, this passes!

*Clown.* It may pass among the rest for a scurvy jest; but never like Mother Pass's ale; for that was knighted.

*Merch.* Ale knighted? how, I prithee?

*Clown.* You have heard of ale-knights: therefore it is not improbable that ale may be knighted.

*Merch.* Thy reason.

*Clown.* Why, there is ale in the town that passes from man to man, from lip to lip, and from nose to nose. But Mother Pass's double ale, I assure you, sir, sir-passes; therefore knighted.

*Phil.* Leave trifling; for more serious is the object  
Offer'd before our eyes. In these, Heav'n's justice;  
In these a most remarkable precedent  
To teach within our height to know ourselves!  
Of which I make this use. You are my brothers,  
(A name you once disdain'd to call me by)  
Your wants shall be reliev'd. You that distrusted  
Heav'n's providence, and made a mock of want  
And other's misery, no more deride!  
Part of your loss shall be by me supplied,  
According to my power.

*Young For.* My noble brother!  
You teach us virtue; of which I could wish  
All those that see good days make happy use.  
So those distress'd; for both there's precedent.  
But to our present nuptials. Reverend father!  
Dear lady! Sister! Friend! (Nay, Brothers too! .  
But you, sir, (to PHILIP) most conjoin'd and endear'd!  
In us, the world may see our fates well scann'd:  
Fortune in me by Sea, in you, by Land. [*Eaeunt omnes.*

## NOTES.

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Page 6, line 17. Nor wound, to ask your pardon.] *Id est*, Nor if you should be wounded.

Page 7, line 30, and presumes he will not fail.] This should be "And I presume."

Page 18, line 14. Betwixt us play the sticklers.] The sticklers were the moderators of a combat, Mr. Steevens thinks from their carrying sticks, but Mr. Nares from the verb to *stickle*, to *arbitrate*. The expression, "with his shop-club," in this passage, seems to favour the former interpretation. Many examples might be found, but we always prefer one from Shakespeare:—

"The dragon-wing of Night o'erspreads the earth,  
And, *stickler-like*, the armies separates."

*Troilus and Cressida*, act v., sc. 9.

Page 19, line 8. Our *gentry* baffled.] For gentility.

Page 20, line 3. Fail the place, or suit your weapon's length.] I cannot understand this. Young Forrest must mean that he will not fail, either to meet Rainsford at the place, or to suit his weapon's length.

Page 21, line 24. Something hath some savour.] This is the half of an old proverb. The whole of it is in Swift's Polite Conversation:—"Something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour."

Page 21, line 34, the four bare legs that belong to a bed.] In Swift's Polite Conversation, we have: "Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother."

Page 26, line 12. I'll go teach you *hayt* and *ree*.] "In the eastern counties, according to Forby and Moore, the ejaculation *Hait-wo!* or *Height!* is now used only to turn a cart-horse to the left; and *Ree!* is given by the latter as a command, which causes a movement to the right.

In Yorkshire, for *gee-oo*, the carters say *hite* and *ree*. *Height nor ree*, neither go nor drive, spoken of a wilful person."—*Way's Promptorium*, in *v. Hayht*.

The earliest Latin Dictionary makes the best old English glossary.

In Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, is another account of *hay-ree*—

"*Harvest*. Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted my whip, and said to my horses but *hay*, they would go as they were mad.

"*Summer*. But *hay* alone thou say'st not, but *hay* and *ree*.

"*Harvest*. I sing *hay-ree*, that is, hay and rye, meaning that they shall have *hay* and *rye*, their belly-fulls, if they will draw hard."

In the old Enterlude of "John Bon and Mast Person" we see the words in action:—

"With *haight*, black Hab!

Have again, Bald, before, *hayght*, *ree*, *whoo*!

Cheerly, boy: come off, that homeward we may go."

Page 30, line 29. And hand to hand? In single opposition.] "In single opposition, hand to hand," is a line from Shakespeare's *I Henry IV.*, act i., scene 3. Heywood was fond of quoting the great master; and Rowley has the same line in Webster's and his *Thracian Wonder*, act v., scene 2.

Page 31, line 25. Of *some* that swiftly ran towards your fields.] We have here an answer to the Rev. A. Dyce's question, in his Remarks on Mr. Collier's Shakespeare: "Could Mr. Collier, in any English writer, point out an example of the expression *some of worth* being employed for *some person*? He certainly could not. 'Some of worth' (in *Pericles*, act v., sc. 1) cannot possibly mean 'some *single person* of worth:' it can have no other meaning than 'some *persons* of worth.'" And see Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, *Judith*, book 6. Let us all learn diffidence in our comments upon each other, even though we may be as well-read as Mr. Dyce! *Quis est tam lynceus, qui in tantis tenebris nihil offendat?*

Page 38, line 1. All ways are laid.] So in *II. Henry IV.*, act iv., scene 10.

"*Jack Cade*. These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is *laid* for me."



Page 39, line 12. Unless to Cold Harbour.] Stow mentions a great house called Cold Harbrough; and says, "Touching this Cold Harbrough, I find that, in the 13th of Edward II., Sir John Abel, knight, demised or let unto Henry Snow, draper, all that his capital messuage called the Cold Harbrough, in the Parish of All Saints, *ad fanum*." He then traces it into the hands of Sir John Poultney, in the reign of Edward III., who being four times mayor, the said house took the name of Poultney's Inn. He conveyed it to Humfrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. In 1397, John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was lodged there, and Richard II., his brother, dined with him. It was then counted a right fair and stately house; but in the next year following, Edmund Earl of Cambridge was there lodged, notwithstanding the said house still retained the name of Poultney's Inn in the reign of Henry VI. It belonged since to H. Holland, Duke of Excester, and he was lodged there in 1472. In 1485, Richard III., by his letters patent, granted and gave to John Urith, alias Garter, principal king of arms of Englishmen, and to the rest of the king's heralds and pursuivants of arms, all that messuage, with the appurtenances called Cold Harbrough, in the parish of All Saints the Little, in London, and their successors for ever, without fine or fee. How the said heralds departed therewith Stow had not read; but in the reign of Henry VIII. the Bishop of Durham's house, near Charing Cross, being taken into the king's hand, Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, was lodged in this Cold Harbrough, since the which time it hath belonged to the Earls of Shrewsbury, by composition (as is supposed) from the said Cuthbert Tunstal. "The last deceased earl" (concludes Stow) "took it down, and in place thereof built a great number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all sorts."

"Coal Harbour" is several times alluded to in Middleton's play of *A Trick to catch the Old one*, as a sort of sanctuary from arrest, and place where irregular marriages were performed; and I believe there is now in Upper Thames Street a place called Cold-harbour Lane. But when our worthy Treasurer shall publish his Murray's Hand-book for London, we shall know all about these things.

Page 42, line 21. Gentry and baseness in all ages jar;

And poverty and wealth are still at war.]

“ ———But, sir, you know,  
That these two parties still divide the world—  
Of those that want, and those that have : and still  
The same old sore breaks out from age to age,  
With much the same result.”

A. TENNYSON.

Page 50, line 19. Will you *revolt* your words.] The original reads *revault*. *Revoke* would be better. But I have met with *revolt* as an active verb in old books.

Page 50, line 35. That at their power repine.] Quære, at the heavens' power ?

Page 56, line 15. So proud of their strong vessels and stout *ging*.] An old variation of *gang*. So in the *Merry Wives*, act iv., scene 2 :—  
“There's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me.”

Page 57, line 20. Next charge your murderers.] The small cannon placed in the forecastle of a ship of war were formerly called *murderers*.

“She has a murderer lies in her prow,  
I am afraid will fright his mainmast.”

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's  
Fortune*, act v., scene 3.

And see *Hamlet*, act iv., scene v.

Page 58, line 8. Draw up your fights and lace your drablers on.] *Fights* were gratings. I know not what *drablers* were : perhaps boarding-nettings ; for they are both united by Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna* :

“Up with your fights,  
And your nettings prepare.”

See *Merry Wives*, act ii., sc. 2., var. edd.

Page 58, line 27. Capstring.] Quære, capstan ?

Page 59, line 23. Both wafting us.] Both of them waving to us.

Page 61, line 6. The world right!] So in Middleton's *Trick to Catch the Old one*, act i., scene 1 : “'Tis right the world,” for “It is exactly the way of the world.”

Page 69, line 4. I surpris'd.] Id est, when I was surpris'd.

Page 70, line 13. Tom Watton.] This seems to be an *alias* for Purser.

Page 71, line 17. And made armadoes fly before our *stream*.] For streamer?

Page 71, line 25. Have him unto the chest.] Quære, the arm-chest, which is always fixed abaft.

Page 72, line 3. Much *less* unloos'd thy lips.] A common mistake for "much *more*."

Page 72, line 8. With these sheets.] Id est, with these ropes.

Page 72, line 16. But here's your compass.] So in Rowley's *New Wonder; a Woman never Vext*. "If you should see me in a scarlet gown, within the compass of a gold chain, then I hope you'll say that I do keep myself in good compass."—Act i., scene 1.

Page 76, line 25. I may call it a *mumming*.] Hence the word *mum*, silence.

Page 77, line 14. And one wench in the Change.] An allusion to Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, which shows that there was such a well-known beauty.

Page 77, line 17. But not at *ruff*.] See Singer's *History of Playing Cards*, p. 261, and the notes to the Percy Society's Reprint of *Kind Hart's Dream*, p. 83.

THE END.

(v)

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